MISSIONARY HORIZONS

DECEMBER, 1958

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MISSIONARY HORIZONS

906 Publication Building, 209 Ninth Street, Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

A Monthly Magazine (Bi-Monthly, July-August) published by the Women's General Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian Church of North America

Member of the Associated Church Press

"Second-class postage paid at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania"

Subscription Price $1.50 a Year — Obituaries—20¢ a printed line

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NEW CHURCH UNDER CONSTRUCTION

BERNICE W. HUTTON

IT WAS a beautiful autumn day—"gorgeous," we called it. The young woman looking at me appeared depressed, and was seemingly unaware of the beauty outside. She had just said, "I guess we are just being absorbed—lost in the shuffle!" Something of my astonishment must have been apparent to her for she added hastily, "Or else I am just not studying enough to keep up . . . I guess everything is changing in this day and age."

As yet I had not said a word, but her brief remarks had summed up everything. All at once I thought of a road sign I had seen recently, put up to bar traffic through a certain area. It was a little different from the usual "Road-under-construction—travel-at-your-own-risk" sign. It had read: "New road under construction—progress!" I smiled as I recalled the little comparison I had made that day, "New church—wider opportunity!" As I tried to explain my little thought to her I flashed a prayer that she might come to feel not only the opportunity but the responsibility that is ours, and that together we might bravely face this changing "day and age." Somehow the words of that sign seem to be constantly recurring to me with greater significance.

It is no secret that in a great many areas of life today there is change. It is a "new day." We have had many "new days" down through our history, many of which came slowly and were scarcely noted. The newest of all new days was like that. It was the day the "announcing angel" said, "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy *which shall be to all people!* For unto you is born . . . a Savior, which is Christ the Lord!" During this season, as we are thinking together on the theme "God *So* Loved the World" we cannot help but marvel at the extent of His love toward us in this little world, "with our pettiness, our worldly concerns, and our indifference to values eternal."[1] We know that because God loves us He "ardently . . . beseeches us: 'Give me thine heart!' "[2] And "because God first loved us it is our privilege to respond . . . in gratitude by showing our loving *concern* for others . . . prayerfully considering"[3] all things new and old.

"This kind of warm-hearted love is vibrant, it draws an ever widening circle to include not only our own immediate circle, but all those for whom Christ died.[4] The great Gift of God's love must gain a response in action, a reaching out in loving service to one's fellow men the world around. The world's population is greater than ever today. It is needful that bodies of believers should be knit together that they might bear a strong, significant witness to the power of Christ's love to all peoples. Perchance the great upheavals in today's world had to come because of the long years of slow, partially indifferent, and sometimes only half-hearted assent to the Lordship of Christ by those who called themselves Christian. If the word "Christian" means anything, it means that the believer's Father, Master, name, inheritance, and best interests are in heaven. The Savior whom we profess to adore and to follow came down from heaven, and now sits at God's right hand, ever making intercession for us, His church, His bride whom He loves.

Why should not Christians set their minds on things heavenly? This need not make us impractical, or close our eyes to new ways and new days. Paul

1, 2, 3, 4 from Advent Tryst, 1958.

was quite as heavenly-minded while making tents as when he was writing his epistles or preaching. He could write about food, raiment, shelter, and books as well as about the unsearchable riches of Christ. As we seek to build a new united church let us consciously strive to forget self-concerns, and substitute concern for our fellow men more sincerely. Constantly seeking the guidance of the Holy Spirit, we can "show forth His love" by the way we love, and the united witness of the new church will then be acceptable to the Father in heaven.

The *old* united church became firmly established and dearly loved. Behind it are one hundred years of great history. As together we seek to build the *new* united church to further advance Christ's Kingdom, through faith, we shall find that it too will become firmly established and as dearly loved by future generations who also will have responsibility in the continued building of it.

And now we face the New Year! Let us not be afraid of new days, new ways, new terms. We no longer use buggy, or bustle, or kerosene lantern—they do not *fit* our day. We may have nostalgic memories of them, but we would retard the work of today if we employed them. We are told that the former united church had its struggles and grave problems during its first decades. It may be that the new united church may sometimes face periods of seeming darkness and trial; but if we earnestly seek and follow the guidance of the Spirit, whose function is to guide us into all the Truth, fruitage will result, and that to His glory.

Moffat's translation of David's prayer (Ps. 143:10) might well be our supplication as together we move into the "new day," and the New Year also: "Teach me to do Thy will, Thou art my God; guide me by Thy good Spirit *on a straight road.*" Thus may we move solidly forward, with unwavering faith in God who *so* loved the world that He gave His only Son for the redemption of the world! There is a new church under construction! Let us be glad to have a part in the building of it, to the glory of God, and the good of all men everywhere. The poet Tennyson here helps to focus our thought in these lines:

Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, *knowing* God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

In this final issue of MISSIONARY HORIZONS *I should like to express my very deep appreciation to all the faithful Prayer Groups, and Prayer Group Secretaries. Many of you have already ordered the new "Mission Yearbook of Prayer" which replaces the "Prayer Cycle." The former Presbyterian Church U.S.A. had many faithful prayer groups meeting regularly also. As we come together as one larger body in Christ, may we all continue to meet at the "Mercy Seat" that the fragrance of the sweet incense of praise and prayer may ascend on high; let us "not sin against God by ceasing to pray" for all people everywhere. In the words of Tiny Tim, "God bless us, every one."*

Mrs. George W. Hutton

Missionary Horizons

Vol. LXXI December 1958 No. 15

THROUGH SEVENTY-ONE YEARS

GERTRUDE F. HOLT

MOST OF US have a feeling for the past and we approach it—if it concerns a thing of worth—with something of reverence, for we see behind the thing itself the lives of those who have given their best to it. So it is with this feeling that we approach the beginnings of THE WOMEN'S MISSIONARY MAGAZINE, and as we follow its course through its "three score years and ten," we are seeing through it the lives of the women and the men—for there were men—who first felt the need for it, brought it into being, and guided it through the years. It has been of course mainly the concern of the women; however not only of the officers, the editors, and the committees but also of every contributor, subscriber, and reader. This first issue, then, of August 1887—what was it like? You would open its yellowed and brittle pages prepared perhaps to smile a little indulgently at the simplicity of this first effort but your mood would change, for you would recognize before long that this first issue reflects the same earnestness and depth of devotion that has characterized the magazine through the years.

At this time, women had not been too long accepted with favor in the so-called world of men, even in Chrismade by the United Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions for a "devoted female" to go to India to assist in teaching the orphans. It is surprising then to learn that tucked away in the minutes of the 1860 General Assembly was an item which revealed that, at that early date, it was considered "almost a necessity that a magazine for the purpose of spreading missionary knowledge should be established." Whether this was to be the particular task of the women is not clear. And indeed when the first issue appeared, the editorial committee made it certain that this was not just a women's project; not for women alone or to magnify the importance of women's work. It was declared to be "no private enterprise"; it was to belong to each subscriber. Its chief objective was to disseminate missionary intelligence for all departments of the Church as a whole.

How was the Magazine launched? Whose was the guiding hand? Emerson says in his essay on *Self Reliance*: "An institution is the lengthened shadow of one man." If it may be said that the one "man" in this case who merited such an honor proved to be a woman, this woman was surely Mrs. Sarah Foster Hanna. She has been rightly called the "foster mother of all United Presbyterian Missionary Societies, the guiding spirit in the organization of the Women's General Missionary Society and the first woman who had the vision of the WOMEN'S MISSIONARY MAGAZINE." Mrs. Hanna, always an enthusiast in the cause of missions, was, in her professional life, principal of the then Washington Female Seminary at Washington, Pa. Be-

Mrs. Holt served as Literature Secretary on the Board of Directors of the WGMS from 1945 to 1952.

cause of her devotion to this cause, she was invited to speak at the General Assembly of 1875, the first woman to be accorded that honor. On this occasion, she presented a memorial requesting that the women's missionary societies be organized and joined into presbyterial societies.

Seven years later, when the General Assembly met at Monmouth, Ill., the women of the Church at large met at the same time and place in their own interests. In this meeting with members of the Foreign Board, two topics were uppermost in their discussions: a women's board and a missionary magazine. The next year, in 1883, the women met again in Allegheny, Pa., where the Women's General Missionary Society was officially founded. At this time, the question of the magazine was again introduced and discussed and was most favorably received. During the next few years, the matter was in constant agitation. Consequently at the 1885 WGMS Convention, a committee was appointed consisting of Mrs. W. C. Hutchison, Miss N. E. White, and Miss E. P. Phelps. They were instructed "to secure, if practicable, the publication of a Women's Missionary Magazine at the price of 60¢ a year."

The need for such a publication continued to grow. *The United Presbyterian* had heretofore given in its pages whatever space was available for missionary information. Now that the WGMS had come into existence, more material for publication was at hand seeking an outlet. For a second year, the Convention had found it necessary to have its minutes printed in pamphlet form. And besides the need, there was encouragement from the fact that by 1886 there had already been pledged 1,450 subscriptions. But the honor of sending in the first paid subscription goes to Miss Mary Bruce of Albany, N. Y. In August 1886, a whole year before the appearance of the Magazine, she had sent in her 65¢ designating it as a "next egg," and the next year a contribution of $5 for the Guarantee Fund, together with her wishes and prayers for the Magazine.

But how to finance such a venture —for the newly founded Women's Board could spare not a cent for such a purpose. It had been estimated that it would require over 2,000 subscriptions and an additional $500 to launch the project. Finally at the Monmouth Convention in 1887, the committee was authorized to proceed and to set up a Guarantee Fund of $500 through the issuance of shares of stock. Over half of this fund was subscribed at this meeting and with a subscription list of 2,300, the much prayed-for and planned-for Magazine came into existence.

It may be surprising to learn that 12 years earlier, in 1875, there was a "one-woman" effort to publish a women's missionary magazine. Mrs. Sadie Blair, the wife of a theological student of Monmouth, Ill., was the editor of a small missionary periodical called *Zenana Workers*. Evidently no copy of it has survived and nothing is known of its means of financing or the source of its articles. It is said to have been typed and in existence for only a year or two. Not to be dismayed, this valiant lady put forth a second booklet—this time printed—under the same title, which appeared between 1879 and 1881 at Plumville near Indiana, Pa. One copy of it at least is among some papers left by our former editor, Mrs. J. P. White. A daughter of the Blairs has furnished the information that her father was a printer as well as a minister, and that she marvels how her mother managed to raise six children, perform the duties of a minister's wife, and edit a magazine. This brave but short-lived effort was an inspiration to those who were to produce later a publication of wider scope and wiser planning.

WE HAVE LEFT the new-born Magazine on its feet at least, though perhaps a trifle unsteady. A few comprehensive statements then as to its general progress may be of value. Some of the early editorials carried such comments as: "We are glad to

note on our list of subscribers a number of names from the Associate Reformed Church South"; and "a number of gentlemen have given their names as subscribers to the Magazine and also to its guarantee fund." The committee had originally set the number of 2,300 subscribers as necessary for a beginning. So cheered were they by November 1887 with a list of over 3,000 that the forward cry resounded: "Now for 4,000—yes, even 10,000." They were a trifle optimistic in this hope, however, since that number was not reached until the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Magazine, in the year 1912-13. In January 1888, the Magazine was declared to be in a "flourishing condition" but by August the optimism had waned a bit for it was declared that though there had been many renewals, there were still those who had not been heard from; consequently "the committee could not safely venture upon enlargement, as they had fully expected to do."

During the years, however, constant watchfulness and careful budgeting were maintained on the part of the committee to adhere to its "pay as you go" policy. That it was able to do so is remarkable when one considers that the actual cost of each issue was 4¢ and the selling price only 5¢. Actually it became necessary sometime later to subsidize its publication to a certain extent, and as a result of soaring costs during World War II, that subsidy had to be raised considerably. When the question of paid advertising arose in 1889, the committee was warned against accepting "secular advertising," but the next year a special recommendation was passed authorizing the procuring of suitable and committee-approved material. A cursory run through the volumes however has revealed very little of such. In a 1926 volume, a Bible Lands Travel Service, a Pittsburgh bank, an ice company and a seed company; these with a few later ones show how little this source of income was used.

Almost forgotten has been the old familiar blue (WGMS blue) cover of those early issues. Indeed it was not changed until sometime during the World War II years due to a shortage of that particular paper stock. Many regretted its passing. Said one woman: "I like that blue cover. Among all the magazines on my table, I can pick out the WOMEN'S MISSIONARY MAGAZINE at a glance without crossing the room." It was a timely change, however, for with each new cover carrying a clear and telling picture in color, one can see and feel the added though silent appeal.

SO FAR our concern has been with the externals but what of the "meat" of the Magazine? Appropriately, the first issue carried a full-page cut of Mrs. Sarah Foster Hanna who had first had the vision of a women's missionary magazine. Although only 2,300 subscriptions were at hand, 3,000 copies of this first issue were ordered, largely because of the accompanying picture, and by the next month the supply was declared exhausted. The second issue contained a fine first-full-page portrait of Dr. Andrew Gordon of our India Mission. A warning was issued at the same time: "We wish to guard against raising false hopes and from giving out the idea that such illustrations will continue to be furnished. Our business management is not so superior to that of all other periodicals as to enable us to furnish 'steel portraits' at the low price of 60¢ a year." But in spite of this warning, many fine full-page cuts continued to appear, some having been paid for from private sources.

A Young People's as well as a Children's Department was included from the beginning, at times headed by a small but appropriate cut. Certain articles from time to time revealed some of the problems that perplexed the Women's Board. Evidently there had been some question as to just what part of the work of the Board of Church Extension was

deemed "worthy of the women's contributions," but finally the responsibility for the building of parsonages was declared by the Board to be "eminently missionary." But the problem that besets the staff of every periodical was present also with our first editors. One finds frequent apologies and explanations in answer to such complaints as: "our Magazines have not arrived," or "they came too late." But the one which no doubt received immediate attention was that of the writer of this note: "Dear friends, I subscribed for your Magazine three months ago—have not received a single copy. There is no time to lose, as I am now 77 years old."

A department called the "Question Drawer" appeared in the last issue of that first year's Magazine to answer the demand for information on organizational problems, allocation of funds and the like, with the stipulation that questions must be limited to missionary subjects or church work. One book review, *The High-Caste Hindu Woman* by Pundita Ramabai Sarasvati, appeared in that first year's volume, but the more or less regular appearance of such—under the heading of "The Book Shelf"—did not come until shortly before 1900. Incidentally the low price of the books at that time is a matter of more than passing interest to us in this day!

A stated program for mission study was a new feature in the fall of the second year, apparently prepared by a different committee each month. These were at first mainly Bible studies, but later included papers or essays on missionary topics, mostly on our own work. Shortly before 1900, one issue contained the program for the year in which it is interesting to note that the studies covered the countries of Mexico, Italy, Latin America, our new Island Possessions, as well as India and Egypt. The program was becoming ecumenical, and in case we may think that this term is a recently coined one, we read that in 1888, a World's Conference on Missions was held in London, the Ecumenical Council of Protestant Missions, declared to be "the greatest council since the days of the Apostles." In this connection, we read that a reception was held Saturday evening but the regular sessions of the conference did not begin until Monday morning "as many of the devout people of London have a strong feeling against the running of horse and steam cars on the Sabbath." In the December 1887 Magazine, the page-size cut of a sod house appears with the caption, "They go West to secure homes and grow up with the country," bringing to our attention the realization that ours was still a growing land. With a sigh we read such items as the following, that in pondering the question of building, it was said that a mission hospital would probably cost "several thousand dollars" and that "three parsonages will require about $3,800"—this in 1888!

Other items of general, as well as human, interest claim our attention, particularly in regard to countries that are now much in the limelight of today's world events. In one issue, we find no less than three articles on Alaska, as well as the statement that a certain Alaskan Indian tribe "laid aside their heathen customs, banished their medicine men and built a church." In the City of Mexico in 1887, "a Protestant bell was rung for the first time"—of interest since a recent secular magazine reports that in the Latin American countries, Protestantism is lately experiencing an unprecedented growth. In the December 1888 issue we read that the "Dark Continent of Africa" is now claiming our attention more than any other field of labor. Unrelated items, but of passing interest: reference to the wives of professional men as "Mrs. Dr....., and Mrs. Rev....."; the spelling of "Asyoot," reminding one of Mrs. J. P. White's oft-repeated, "In Egypt there are seven different spellings for Assiut"; notices of the death in the early days of some of our workers, naming

MRS. GEORGE MOORE

Editor of "The Women's Missionary Magazine"

1904-1925

"typhoid fever" as the cause; allusions to our work among the "heathen"; all of these perhaps unimportant but giving us a little glimpse of the changing times.

The appeal for the first Thank Offering appeared in the March 1888 issue where there was declared to be "a crisis in missions and the work of our own church is no exception." The appearance of the *Junior Missionary Magazine* in 1898 made it no longer necessary to carry the Children's Department as such in the adult Magazine. And with these and other changes, the Magazine was approaching the new century.

AS ONE VIEWS the whole picture, certain definite periods in its progress seem to emerge. These with their editors appear to be:

1887-1904—Mrs. W. C. Hutchison and Editorial Committee
1904-1913—Mrs. George Moore
1913-1925—Mrs. George Moore
1925-1933—Mrs. J. P. White
1933-1948—Mrs. J. P. White
1948-1956—Mrs. E. D. McKune
1956-1958—Miss Edith L. McBane

The period from 1887 through 1889 clearly indicates the beginnings of the Magazine. The original committee of three, already named, was

later increased in number. Mrs. J. F. Patterson, Mrs. J. G. Carson, Miss Sallie McDowell—all of Xenia—Mrs. T. L. Magruder, Miss Belle Rodgers, Mrs. A. W. Jamieson, and others were from time to time members of the committee. Among these there were resignations and replacements but the name of Mrs. W. C. Hutchison remained and in 1887 she became editor, with Mrs. J. G. Carson as treasurer. If Mrs. Hanna can be called the foster-mother of the Magazine, Mrs. Hutchison must surely be regarded as the faithful nurse who brought it through childhood to its teens, until 1904 when the Magazine was seventeen years old. And in that year, Mrs. George Moore of Xenia, Ohio, was made editor with Miss Hazel Flagg, treasurer.

Mrs. Moore was a woman of "abounding vitality and the day before she died, with unabated mental vigor and unflagging interest, she planned a new department for the Magazine." She is said to have been a woman of strong convictions and was a tireless worker in any cause she espoused. It was to be expected then that the Magazine would be no exception. One cannot point to any certain year in which any one of these women left her particular mark upon the Magazine. It was of course a matter of gradual progression. Each built upon the work of her predecessor, at the same time making her own contribution. And so in addition to these subtle inward changes, an outward mark of growth is apparent. About midway in Mrs. Moore's term of service, at the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Magazine, subscriptions reached the long-coveted 10,000 mark, and authorization was given at that time to increase its size from 44 to 68 pages and the price from 60¢ to $1.00 a year.

As to the contents, certain features appeared and were replaced from time to time, for reasons obscure to us now. In 1921, a course of Bible Reading appeared which was a regular feature for 10 years. Always there were letters and articles by our own missionaries and mission board members; inspirational articles from our own as well as from other denominations. The departments of work of the WGMS had been allotted space as the growth of each demanded. Items of general interest from the minutes of the Women's Board appeared at first, and minutes from the annual Convention became a regular contribution.

UPON THE DEATH of Mrs. Moore in 1925 and of the treasurer, Miss Flagg, only one week before, Mrs. J. P. White of Cedarville, Ohio, was appointed editor with Mrs. Fannie Moore, treasurer. Later, in 1939, upon the retirement of Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Ralph H. Arnold became treasurer and still serves us faithfully today. A quite definite change occurred during this period and the Magazine moved into a new era, especially after its removal in 1933 from Xenia, Ohio, to Pittsburgh, Pa. Since Pittsburgh was the "Jerusalem" of United Presbyterianism and the home of the Women's Board, such a move proved a logical and a wise one. In the 1925 issue appeared a request which was to institute the Mrs. George Moore Memorial Fund. The amount of $10,000 was asked of individual missionary societies, the interest from which was to supply cuts for the Magazine—a fitting tribute since the matter of beautiful illustrations had always been a part of Mrs. Moore's dream for the Magazine. The Memorial Fund became in time a reality and from it, as well as from other later sources, the pages of the Magazine have been progressively enriched with pictures which have increased in number and excellence. One cannot help thinking of the days when one full-page portrait was considered a luxury!

Much attention was now being given to enhancing the content of the society program material. At the 1938 Convention, Mrs. White requested the appointment of a program

committee of representative women to confer on this matter. In time, as a result of this emphasis, notable progress was made in the now well-known and valuable yearly *Program Calendar*. These topics were primarily based on the work of our own fields as well as on the yearly interdenominational home and foreign themes prepared by the Missionary Education Movement (now a member of the National Council of Churches under the present name of the Commission on Missionary Education). Since timely and expertly-authored books were published each year on these themes for all age groups, the presentation and review of the main books of this list became a regular feature of the Magazine. Reviews also of the books on the yearly Reading Course appeared, together with other excellent ones of related interest, the latter usually under Mrs. White's "Book Fare" and Mrs. McKune's "Book Nook."

At least three other signs of the changing times appeared near the half-century mark. In 1946, the price of the Magazine was changed to $1.50 a year. Due partly to this matter of increased expense and to the increasing size of the annual report issue, that number was reapportioned as to content, and the reports were distributed among several issues. But the most revolutionary change occurred in 1953 when the sixty-six-year-old WOMEN'S MISSIONARY MAGAZINE became MISSIONARY HORIZONS. The new, more distinctive, and less restrictive name had been chosen at the 1953 Convention.

MRS. WHITE had rounded out twenty-three years of distinguished service when, in 1948, she presented her request to the Board for retirement. In her earlier days as wife of the pastor of the United Presbyterian Church in Cedarville, Ohio, she had formed a warm personal friendship with Ethel Brand (McKune), then professor of English and French in Cedarville College. Shortly after Mrs. White's appointment as editor, she invited Mrs. McKune to become staff writer for the Magazine. Because of her close association with Mrs. White in this work and of the excellence and unique quality of her contribution, Mrs. McKune was appointed editor in 1948.

The change that appeared in these years can hardly be characterized as merely one of growth for the Magazine had already reached maturity, being in its sixtieth year. The change lay rather in the distinctive nature of the contribution of each woman. Dr. and Mrs. J. P. White had served a six-year term as missionaries to Egypt, and later Mrs. White had made an extended tour of our mission fields. Hers was the vision from abroad; that of the writer and the speaker. Mrs. White wrote and spoke with ease, fluency, and beauty of expression. One always felt that with her there was so much more unexpressed than time and opportunity allowed her to express.

Two former editors:
MRS. JOHN P. WHITE
1925-1948

MRS. E. D. McKUNE
1948-1956

Mrs. McKune's contribution was that of the teacher. Her interest and her special talent lay in the creation of methods of mission study. Her widely known and much demanded *Workbook* on specific mission areas was a treasure store of charts, maps, discussions, quizzes, dramatizations, and the like. The difference in the work of each of these women was not a matter of degree, it was a matter of kind; each was a complement of the other. Let Dr. Raymond L. Edie express their combined service in his words: "Mrs. White and Mrs. McKune were big-hearted women . . . We marveled . . . at the great sweep of their vision . . . Should we not say of them that the world was their parish?"

When Mrs. McKune in her last illness was told of the death of Mrs. White, she remarked: "What a strange coincidence!" And indeed it was only two weeks later that she herself was called away. But during that time of illness, she compelled herself to direct almost to completion the June 1956 issue. At this point, one is reminded of the similar heroic effort put forth by Mrs. Moore. She too had been able to complete her work, the last issue of the 1924-25 volume. Of her we are told: "The copy awaited only the Convention Minutes before she saw the final proofs." Her death came the next day. As a member of the Editorial Committee had once remarked: "The Magazine is always with one, whether sleeping or waking, in health or in sickness; it must appear on time."

UP TO THE TIME of Mrs. McKune's appointment, no special provision for office space had been made for the editor. Mrs. White's office had been her home, and at times just a chair to sit on somewhere in the Publication Building. But the work had been growing in complexity until it was felt necessary to have the editor in the most central location possible. Accordingly an office was made on the ninth floor of the Building, "the women's floor." It seemed then the Lord's leading that one was at hand who had for many years passed through that office in the service of the WGMS; one peculiarly fitted for the task of editor. The daughter of a United Presbyterian minister; an English major in college with some experience in journalism; a member of the Women's Board, and its recording secretary for 14 years, Miss Edith L. McBane of Pittsburgh, Pa., was appointed editor in September 1956.

The negotiations involving the union of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. and the United Presbyterian Church of North America to form the United Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. brought about of necessity changes in every branch of the work, and the Magazine was no exception. This was indeed its most revolutionary period of transition. Although Miss McBane had been released from her position as secretary of the Board, she continued as chairman of the Finance Committee, a highly responsible task in itself. Incident to the coming union, she was made a member of the Committee on Consolidations, and secretary of the new national Executive Committee of United Presbyterian Women. But in spite of her additional duties, she has managed to maintain the Magazine's high standard of excellence in our denomination, which enabled it to take its place proudly among similar magazines of sister denominations.

The missionary magazine *Outreach* of the former Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. will, with the December issue, make its final appearance as will ours. In January 1959 will appear a new magazine named *Concern*, the product of the union of the two denominations. And who shall say that *Concern* for a missionary *Outreach* to millions of souls under the new United Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. is not a goal worthy of that same devoted effort that brought into being and to maturity our own *Women's Missionary Magazine*?

AND I REMEMBER...

LOIS DEAN TAYLOR

THERE ARE MANY THINGS that stand out in my mind as I think back over my trip last summer—the beautiful gardens, the fabulous castles, the friendly people of England; the history drenched buildings, the cathedrals, the interesting streets, and Chamonix of France; the flower venders, the charming cafes, Lake Geneva, Mont Blanc, and the World Council of Switzerland. All of these I loved. But there are two things burned deep on my heart. One was a visit to Marseille and Cimade. Cimade is a French youth organization designed to help people who need help. And in Marseille it is the Algerians. There are some fourteen thousand Algerians in that city alone.

Pierre Pradervand, a fine young Christian boy of twenty-one, showed us the work of this organization. We drove to the worst section of the city, parked our car, and walked through an alley to a tiny, unimpressive group of rooms in the same kind of buildings. Pierre talked lovingly and most interestingly of the children who come for classes in the mornings—little Algerian children. A glance around the almost bare room indicated little equipment with which to work—a few broken crayons, a bit of colored paper, some blocks. In the afternoon the three teachers visit in the homes of their students. And in the evening they have classes for the young people and adults. It was quite a heart warming sight to watch an elderly gentleman of sixty-five learning to read and write. In the same class was his son, age thirty-five. The Algerians who come to these classes aren't very friendly, and every visitor is viewed with suspicion. The government isn't very friendly toward them, and they in return feel they have no friends outside of Cimade. The police always go in groups of three along these streets.

Around the corner from Cimade headquarters we saw "Shanty Town" where many of Pierre's students live. I could hardly believe my eyes. The "lean-to's" were built of orange crates, tin of every description, and sacks. AND PEOPLE LIVED IN THESE—as many as 10 to a room. There was no running water, save that in the gutter, no sanitary facilities, and no place to cook—or do anything else for that matter.

Outside of Marseille five or six miles we found "Cite du Nouvel Arenas"—the "New City"—but "Human Dump" would be a better name. Within an enclosure that the French Government had used for a concentration camp during the last war were literally masses of shacks, put together with anything that was handy. Algerians live here too—thousands of them. A year ago the Government constructed some concrete houses, small and half-moon shaped. But the walls are cracked now, and the colors have faded; and they look as hopeless as the people, whose faces are strained and whose backs are bent. Around a few of the huts we found some flowers and a vegetable or two struggling to grow. There was no sanitation here either, and only two faucets of running water. Just across a barbed wire fence, in the other half of this "Cite du Nouvel Arenas" live the Jews, about five thousand of them. They are no better off than the Algerians. Between the rows of shacks here grow some tired pine trees; and behind the "Cite" are the bleak, bare mountain peaks. In this setting Cimade is building a small chapel and on the top will be the cross. And in the Cross is the hope of these people.

(*Continued on Page* 942)

Mrs. Taylor, wife of Moderator Theophilus M. Taylor, writes of the trip to Europe she and her husband made last summer, visiting much of the work of the United Presbyterian Church there. Dr. Taylor attended at Geneva a meeting of the Working Committee of the Commission on Faith and Order of the World Council of Churches.

VIDA JANE GRAHAM

MISS VIDA GRAHAM, a fraternal worker in India, serves on the staff of Avalon High School and Training Center for Girls in Pathankot, the Punjab. This institution has a thrilling story of growth despite many obstacles. Much of its present contribution to the Church of Christ in India can be attributed to Miss Graham's wisdom, endless patience, and devotion to its welfare through her many years of service.

Like many other educational institutions on the fields, Avalon had a small beginning. It was started in a missionary's home in 1897 with a nucleus of seven orphan girls from famine-stricken areas and several children of servants. In 1901 the first building was erected with funds donated by the Avalon Church in Pittsburgh, Pa., and thus it was named. The standard of instruction was raised to that of high school status in 1910, and teaching was patterned after American schools. Nineteen years later the Women's General Missionary Society of the former United Presbyterian Church purchased the institution from the Board of Foreign Missions. A memorial gift made the transaction possible, and the name was changed to the John and Jane Denham Memorial High School for Girls. The name "Avalon" continued to stick, however, and it is today known by both designations.

The partitioning of India into two countries, Pakistan and India, in 1947 struck a particularly harsh blow to Avalon. The boundary line was drawn right through mission territory, and Pathankot in India was one of three stations completely cut off from the rest of the mission work on the Pakistan side. The border became a "no man's land," and the school's enrollment of 300 quickly dwindled to fewer than 50 with only 5 in the boarding department. Government authorities ordered the school closed in January 1948, then permitted it to reopen in December of that same year with the addition of a teachers' training department.

Never had the small staff felt a greater challenge, for they faced very rigid requirements with a shortage of both staff and equipment. Their faith and courage were a real witness of their Christian belief. Despite the fact that the government upgraded the school again and again, the primary purpose of preparing Christian girls for leadership and service was maintained. No tradition or ideal was sacrificed, and Miss Graham's presence on the staff was largely responsible for this accomplishment.

She had displayed this dauntless spirit early in life. Her birthplace was Midway, Pa. At the age of four she was stricken with infantile paralysis. The malady made her lame, and she was compelled to wear a brace and use crutches for many years. However, this handicap did not prevent her from being accepted as a short-term teacher to India in 1920 by the Women's General Missionary Society.

After having been graduated from Muskingum College, New Concord, Ohio, in 1917, she taught in Thyne Institute, Chase City, Va., for two years, then in Bisbee, N.D., for one year. At the time of her application she was serving as a high school principal in Harrisburg, Ohio.

Her desire to serve on the mission field was greatly strengthened during her first year of teaching at Avalon High School, and at the request of the Mission she made application for career service. This was granted by the Women's Board on July 27, 1921. With the exception of three very brief periods elsewhere, her entire time on the field has been spent at the Avalon School in Pathankot, India, where she has served in practically every capacity from teacher to principal-business manager.

GEORGE WILLIAM MELOY

GEORGE W. MELOY, principal of the Schutz School for Missionaries' Children in Alexandria, Egypt, went out to fill this important post in 1955. Education of American children living abroad is difficult. If they are sent to national schools in the lands where their parents reside, the children will, in many cases, be handicapped in adjusting later to American schools. This is especially true in lands where the medium of instruction is little known in the United States.

In 1924 the Schutz property in Alexandria was adapted to be used as a boarding school for the children of missionaries in Egypt. Today the children travel to Schutz not only from stations in Egypt but from Ethiopia and the Sudan as well.

The provision of a "home away from home" for approximately 40 children, in addition to being responsible for their educational progress, is a task calling for a person with distinctive talents. Mr. Meloy's unusual background of preparation made him a natural choice in this case. He is the son of a Presbyterian minister and was born in New Brighton, Pa. His early life, however, was spent in Wichita, Kan., where he was graduated from the local high school and then attended the University of Wichita, receiving his B.A. degree in 1948. Most of his summers were spent as a leader at the Wichita YMCA summer camps for boys. During this period, he also served for three years in the United States Army, and was a delegate to the World Conference of Christian Youth in Oslo, Norway.

Mr. Meloy's personal interest has always been in the needs of people. Several of his family have given service on the foreign field. His aunt, Miss Sarah B. Meloy, is head of the American College for Girls in Cairo, Egypt. In 1948, after graduation from college, Mr. Meloy applied for short-term missionary service in Egypt under the Board of Foreign Missions

Our thanks to Mrs. Margaret B. Crawford of the staff of the Commission on Ecumenical Mission and Relations for preparing the "Profiles" on pages 940-944 and supplying most of the pictures.—Editor

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Meloy and their family

of the former United Presbyterian Church. He was sent as an instructor of English to Assiut College, Assiut, Egypt, and served there until 1951. In 1949 he represented the YMCA at a Christian Youth Convention at Lausanne, Switzerland. While on the field he married Miss Mary Lou Lash who was also a short-term teacher in Assiut at the Pressly Memorial Institute.

Returning to America, Mr. Meloy attended the University of Pennsylvania during the year of 1952 and was granted his M.A. degree. Once again he affiliated himself with the YMCA and became an assistant in the boys' department at the West Philadelphia branch while studying at the University.

At the board meeting on Feb. 22, 1955, he was again appointed to short-term service in Egypt with the special assignment of principal in Schutz School, which was then located at Assiut. His application for career status was approved by the Board of Foreign Missions on Apr. 21, 1958, and the appointment made retroactive to September 1955, including his last short-term service.

The Meloys have been very successful in their direction of the institution. A homelike atmosphere pervades the school and difficulties, sorrows, achievements, and fun are shared by all. The curriculum extends through junior year of high school with high scholastic standards maintained. It is a credit to their Schutz training that many graduates enter Christian service, with a goodly number returning to foreign lands for missionary service.

AND I REMEMBER . . .

(*Continued from Page* 939)

The second picture I want to share with you is that of a rather new organization, a Protestant sisterhood, called Pomeyrol. There are 12 sisters in the order at present, and they live and work together on the beautiful wooded property that is theirs. It all started after the war when Sister Butte, the founder (at that time a lawyer), felt her life was getting too involved with "things"; she felt the need for quietness and being alone. Today at Pomeyrol quietness prevails, and there are places along the paths and on the hillsides where one can be alone.

These sisters are closely allied with the Protestant church in France, in that they serve wherever a pastor wants them to serve. They are lay people, and they serve the lay people through the church. Many conferences are held at Pomeyrol, especially for young people. As many as 75 will come for a week at a time, some longer. The morning will be spent in study, devotions, and meditation. Some days there will be lectures—perhaps on art, music, or literature. In the afternoon there is work, and some play. But after evening devotions which follow supper, not a word is spoken until the next morning. Many older folks come for fellowship, and to seek encouragement to face life more fearlessly at home. And the sisters of Pomeyrol, in their brown and white dress, serve them all happily and lovingly. When the sisters aren't busy helping in a hospital, working in the parish, or bringing happiness in an orphanage, you may find them repairing one of their buildings, or tending one of their gardens, or making furniture. And at eventide you will surely find them kneeling in the chapel they built themselves, giving thanks.

MARJORIE FAUGHT

Miss Marjorie Faught, R.N.

MISS MARJORIE FAUGHT is a United Presbyterian missionary nurse in Ethiopia. She is at present located at Maji station in southwestern Ethiopia, and is in charge of the clinic. This is pioneer work in a remote place. The station at Maji is a cluster of native-type buildings (*tukls*) situated high in the mountains at 8,000 feet. It was opened in 1948. Over 5,000 patients are treated each year, coming from the well-dressed Amharas to the poorest tribespeople. Many more are beginning to come from the nearby Tirma and Teshanna tribes—two or three days' walk from Maji. Although the workers would like to hold out-patient clinics in adjacent areas, the work is now confined to the immediate compound by government regulations.

Operative cases cannot be cared for since there is no doctor at Maji, but Miss Faught treats almost every other type of disease including numerous cases of yaws. A devotional service is held in connection with each clinic, and able interpreters translate the Gospel message into the various tribal tongues.

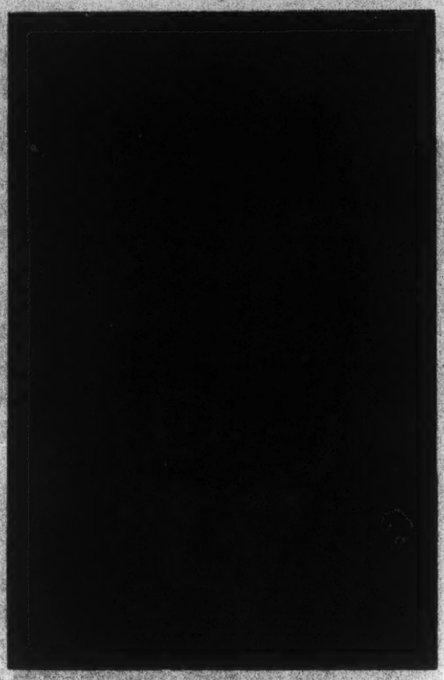
Miss Faught's diverse medical experience has proved invaluable in this isolated set-up. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., the daughter of a medical doctor, she made her decision to be a nurse when she entered West Philadelphia High School. In 1925 she began her training in the Lankenau Hospital School of Nursing with the idea of preparing for the mission field.

Receiving her R.N. degree in October of 1928, she made inquiry concerning missionary service in Africa under the Women's General Missionary Society of the former United Presbyterian Church. She did not make formal application, however, until two years later after she had completed special training in the Biblical Seminary in New York City. Financial conditions due to the depression held up her appointment until July 10, 1933, when the Women's General Missionary Society of the former United Presbyterian Church assigned her to the George Memorial Hospital in Addis Ababa, Ethiopia.

In 1941 after her first furlough, she was sent to the Sialkot Mission in India (now West Pakistan) because of the war in Ethiopia. She served there for one term in Sialkot and Taxila Hospitals. Reappointed to Ethiopia in 1947, she returned to serve in the Jean R. Orr Memorial Hospital in Sayo until 1952. One of the interesting developments of this phase of her work is the baby clinic which she started at Sayo.

Her furlough was extended due to the serious illness of her mother, and she did not return to the field until 1957 at which time she was assigned to Maji station. During this period, she did general duty nursing at Lankenau Hospital in addition to caring for her mother.

J. MORGAN McKELVEY



REV. J. MORGAN MCKELVEY is a United Presbyterian fraternal worker in the Punjab, India. He is in charge of the evangelistic work among Christians and non-Christians in Gurdaspur and Pathankot districts under direction of the Gurdaspur Church Council. All evangelistic work in this area had been the responsibility of this Council for two years, so no change was involved when the India Mission of the former United Presbyterian Church integrated with the Gurdaspur Church Council in March of 1957.

In this program the fraternal worker undertakes no independent work, but operates as a part of an evangelistic team serving the Church upon the invitation of the pastors, and initiating work among the non-Christians. Conferences, retreats, and study programs are planned by the Evangelistic Board, and the counsel and administrative ability of the fraternal worker are valued highly by the Church. Mr. McKelvey might well be considered "a pastor to pastors." October to March is spent itinerating among the villages. A team comprised of a Bible Woman, her assistant, an evangelist, and Mr. and Mrs. McKelvey, sets up tents and camps for a week in each place. They visit the surrounding areas and hold services during the day. At night a special Bible course is taught at the camp site.

Mr. McKelvey was born in Landour, India, the son of missionary parents. As a young boy, he learned to love and respect the Indian people, and made his decision to follow in his parents' footsteps. His early education was received in India. He attended high school in Hartford, Wis., and was graduated from Monmouth College in Monmouth, Ill., in 1933. During his senior year at Pittsburgh-Xenia Seminary, he applied to the Board of Foreign Missions of the former United Presbyterian Church as a career missionary to India. Due to financial reverses caused by the depression, workers were at this time being recalled from the field rather than appointed. For this reason Mr. McKelvey spent 10 years in the pastorate serving at Morning Sun, Ohio, for three years and then at Rock Island, Ill., until his appointment.

In December of 1933 he married Miss Dorothy Louise Brownlee of Little York, Ill. The McKelveys were appointed to the Sialkot Mission in India (now West Pakistan) on Jan. 11, 1943. He sailed alone for the field arriving there in September 1944. The family joined him one year later. Practically his entire first term was spent in supplying for missionaries absent from the field on furlough. At one time he was in charge of three districts scores of miles apart. He spent 10 days a month in each place. He has since worked completely in either Gurdaspur, Dhariwal, or Pathankot. These three stations of the Sialkot Mission were separated from the rest of the work at the time of the partition of India into two countries in 1947. Relations with the Sialkot Mission became increasingly difficult to maintain because of complications in crossing the border from India to Pakistan. This situation led to the integration of the work with that of the Church. It is encouraging to see that in this vital task of witnessing for Christ the Church has moved to the forefront.

A DAY IN CAMP

MARGARET STOCK

A MURMUR ROSE from the basket a few feet away. I opened one eye and squinted at the alarm clock. It was 4:45 A.M. I turned over in my sleeping bag and buried my head in the pillow. "Please, Dale, don't wake up yet!" The murmur continued, low at first but gradually rising until finally an impatient wail reached my ear. I stumbled out of bed, threw on my warm dressing gown, and groped my way over to the little oil heater beside the baby basket. I felt around for the matches, struck one, and lit the heater and the kerosene lamp. Picking up the howling baby I shook my sleeping husband.

"Fred! Please take care of your son for a minute while I get his bath ready. If he doesn't stop howling he'll wake up the whole camp."

Fred groaned. "Don't tell me it is morning already. Well, come along, fellah. If it were anyone but you getting me up at this hour I wouldn't take it so calmly."

An hour later the baby, bathed and fed, was cooing happily in his basket. The heater had quickly taken away the chill of that January morning from our tent and Fred and I were seated on the bed taking advantage of the temporary lull to have our time of morning prayer. At the front of the tent, separated from us by a heavy cloth flap, the cook was busy setting the table for breakfast. Breakfast was cooking over an outdoor fireplace made of mud just outside the cook tent a few yards from ours. From the village pond nearby came the *pound-slap-pound* of the village laundrymen who had begun their day's work—sometimes pounding the clothes with a stick, sometimes slapping them against a rock in their efforts to get the dirt out.

The breakfast bell rang. We turned out the kerosene pressure lamp by which we had been reading and threw back our tent flap. The sun was just coming up, promising another fair day which would be comfortably warm by noontime. Several small figures began to trickle out of the village not far away and make their way toward us—the first of a constant stream of visitors which wouldn't end until after sundown. As we ate we watched them slowly edging closer and closer, their eyes wide with curiosity. Finally a couple of the boldest ones came and squatted in the doorway taking in everything with their bright black eyes. Others followed suit until all the light was cut off from the doorway.

"*Memsahib*, may we see the baby?"

"If you will stay outside until we've finished eating, I'll bring the baby outside for you to see."

"*Achi bat* (O.K.), *Memsahib*." The front boy, obviously a leader, turned and shouted at all the others who were crowding around the door. "Move back!"

The children retreated a couple of yards where they squatted down again and continued to watch our every bite. Trying to ignore them we began talking about the day's program. Fred, Alice Hill, and Laura Reynolds along with one Bible Woman were to go to visit three villages that day. They were to go in Laura's car since the villages are scattered. In each one there would be a service with the people, and in one they would be given curry and *chapotis* (flat round loaves of bread) for their dinner. Dale, the other Bible Woman, and I were to stay in camp and do what we could with those who came there. As we were talking the tent door was again darkened, this time by some gypsy women.

"*Memsahib*. We have come to see the baby."

We looked down at their colorful clothes, numerous bracelets, earrings, noserings, and necklaces and then into their eager upturned faces. They too were looking at all the contents

of our tent with unfeigned interest. One nudged the other. "Look at the very big bed they have! A whole family could sleep in that. And the baby is over there in the basket, I think."

I swallowed my last bite of egg, picked up the baby, and went outside. Immediately I was surrounded by a crowd of women and children, talking, laughing, and firing questions.

"How old is the baby? Only three months!" Then to her neighbor—"She must be lying. The baby is bigger than mine and he is six months old."

"What is his name? Day-ell? What a strange name! It is hard for our Punjabi tongues to say that name."

"See, he sucks his thumb! Surely he must be a true Pakistani, for Pakistani children suck their thumbs too. Wait until next year. Then we will teach him to speak Punjabi. He will speak it very well."

"Let me hold him."

"And me!"

Dale went from one to another obviously pleased to be the center of so much attention. Finally I rescued him. "Now it is time for the baby to sleep. Come back again. *Salaam* (Goodbye)."

"Salaam, Ji." Slowly the crowd dispersed and wandered back to the village in groups of two or three. I saw our water carrier with his buffalo skin full of water making his way toward our camp. Quickly I gathered together several empty buckets and two wash basins and set them just outside the tent for him to fill. Then gathering up the baby's clothes I began to wash them, rinsing them in the buckets.

An hour later I was hanging the last batch on the line which Fred had strung between our tent and the cook tent when suddenly the rope broke! At once a murmur of sympathy arose from the new audience which had collected to watch these strange proceedings. I was practically out of water and the water carrier wouldn't be back until afternoon! Volunteers picked up the buckets and ran to fill them in a stream a quarter of a mile away. Others helped me gather up the clothes from the ground and begin to re-soap them. Very quickly the wash was redone and hung up on a stronger line. I turned to thank my helpers. "Oh, it's nothing, *Memsahib!* We are glad to help you. Now can we see the baby?"

"When he wakes up I'll bring him out. But right now I have to study. I don't know your language very well and so I have to take time to learn it."

As I practiced with my language teacher all the strange sounds of this new language, I could not help but be aware of our unbidden but most interested audience squatting all around us listening carefully. One woman carefully explained the situation to each newcomer: "She is learning our language. She says that in America people speak only English and hardly anyone knows any Urdu or Punjabi at all. Think how strange it must be!"

Just then the Bible Woman's voice cut in. "This is very interesting, isn't it?"

"Yes, Teacher, *Ji.*"

"You are seeing many new things today and you are eager to see and hear more. But remember these things are just earthly things, aren't they?"

"Yes, *Ji.*"

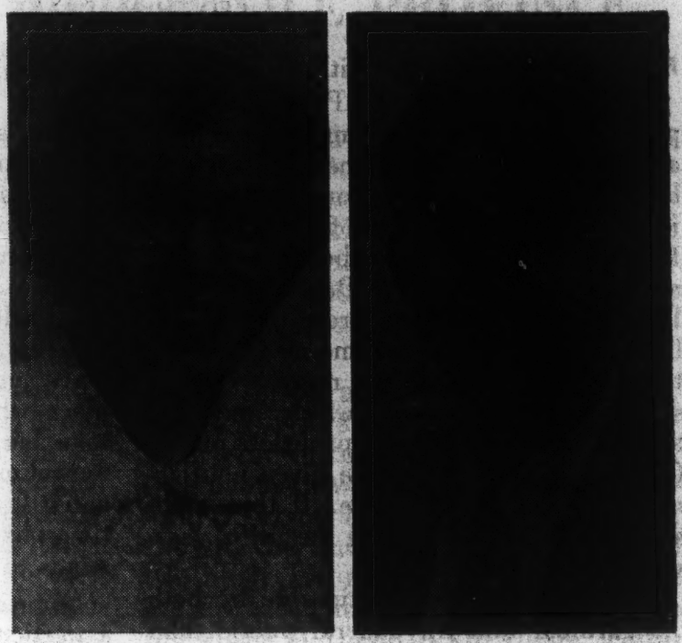
"If we are so interested in earthly things, we ought to be even more interested in heavenly things, should we not?"

"You're right, Teacher, *Ji.*"

"Come over and sit on the straw in front of my tent and I'll tell you some very wonderful heavenly things."

"Achi bat, Ji." The Bible Woman led the way to her own tent followed by the crowd. They sat on the straw while she told them the Gospel story, bringing out the amazing love of our Father in sending His Son Jesus Christ. They listened carefully, occasionally asking questions or making comments.

The baby woke up and I gave him



REV. AND MRS. FREDERICK E. STOCK

Appointed in 1956 as a career missionary to Pakistan, Mr. Stock is a graduate of Princeton Seminary. Mrs. Stock, nee Margaret W. Anderson, is serving in the field where her grandparents, Dr. and Mrs. W. T. Anderson, served many years, and where her father, Dr. J. Lowrie Anderson, was born.

his orange juice. All eyes turned our direction watching in amazement. "*Memsahib!* What are you feeding him?"

"This is orange juice. It is very good for babies."

"Oh no, *Memsahib!* This is your first baby, is it not? I have had seven children and I know that it is not good to give them any such thing."

What could I say—especially in Punjabi?

In the middle of the afternoon I picked up Dale and started out for a walk in the hope of having a few minutes away from the curious crowd. For a few yards I enjoyed some privacy but soon figures began to appear seemingly from nowhere.

"Where are you going, *Memsahib?*"

"Oh, just for a walk."

"I will go with you. I will take you to our sugar cane field where I will give you some canes for your baby."

We walked on toward the field with our ever growing company. There a young boy chose several fine long canes and passed them around to us all. They invited me to sit down with them on the ground. Then with one accord they began ripping the hard outer surface off the canes, chewing the inner pulp while sucking lustily so as not to lose any of the sweet sap, and spitting the remains all around them. After a few minutes of reserve, I threw my dignity to the winds and chewed, sucked, and spat with the rest of them.

Some time later, thoroughly sticky and with jaws aching from the unaccustomed exercise, I made my way back toward camp. As I passed near the edge of the village a Christian woman ran out of her house and came toward me. Shyly she handed me two eggs. "For the baby, *Memsahib*. They are from our own chickens."

As I took them she added, "Please come to our house just for a few minutes. It is right over there."

We made our way toward the house —a typical village house made of mud and surrounded by a courtyard enclosed with a mud wall. News of our arrival spread like lightning and soon on all the rooftops around appeared groups of women and children eager to see the show. Muslim women who were not allowed to leave the village to visit us in camp crowded around to see the baby. Our hostess brought out a glass of sweetened milk for me to drink. One woman was busy at the crude spinning wheel so com-

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CULTIVATING IN PAKISTAN

EDITH M. DRAKE

THE GARDEN PROJECT with which I have been experimenting in Pakistan for the past 10 years has taught me several valuable lessons. I have not been planting in hard parched pieces of ground, but rather in the soft pliable garden of human hearts. In other words, I have been cultivating not flowers, but people. During that time I have learned that in order for barren lives to blossom and become useful, a certain procedure is always necessary. The shoots must be selected wisely and then they must be planted in appropriate places. Once planted, they must be given nourishment and much tender care. If these steps are faithfully followed, a beautiful harvest can be expected.

No mistake is more noticeable by both the gardiner and the general public than the planting of the wrong type of flower in the wrong place. I found this out when I sent a village girl named "Sosan" to our Sangla Hill Boarding School. Sosan, whose name means "Lily," did not blossom there as I had hoped she would. Through my experience with her I learned that the selection of school girls must be made very wisely, especially in view of the fact that there are so few places in our boarding schools compared to the number of girls who want to attend. To select wisely it is necessary to become acquainted with the girls who live in the some one hundred villages of Sheikhupura District. That means that the missionary must make visits to the villages, and give certain tests to make sure the girl is of a healthy variety.

Of course the best time to select the girls for school is when they are about six or seven years of age. But when neither the girls nor their parents can tell the exact age of the girls, how can I know? Observation plays a very important part in this selectivity. I always look to see if the girls have lost one or two front teeth, for when the second teeth are ready to sprout, so is the girl. On my desk even while I am writing this, I have a list of girls who want to be "planted" in our Sangla Hill Girls' Boarding School, for they want to be well rooted and grounded. I also notice that some girls, like flowers, reach the saturation point more quickly than others. That is what happened to poor Sosan. Such a condition cannot always be foreseen, so Sosan had to go through the process of being uprooted from Sangla School and replanted in her village. Such transplanting is always disheartening.

Not all of our village girls reach the saturation point as quickly as Sosan did, however. Salima was of a very different species. As soon as I saw her, I felt that this little Pakistani rose must not be left to grow wild and untended in her village. Once again our Sangla Hill School was the place where she was planted. It did not take her long to become adjusted to the new climate. Her species soon proved to be a hardy one, and even up to the present time she is still growing there. That soil seems to be the right type for her.

Some flowers seem to demand not only a particular type of soil, but a particular type of treatment as well. The case of Nasim Akhtar, daughter of my Bible Woman, is one of these. She had been studying in a local Government School. She is like one of those delicate flowers which require a warm atmosphere in order to come to full bloom. The atmosphere of the local Government School was a bit too chilly for her. The Pakistani flower soon shows signs of wilting when the climate is not right. It can also quickly discern whether or not it is receiving gentle treatment. I became convinced that at the proper time Nasim should be transferred to the warmer climate of our Hajipur Girls' School in Sialkot. I notice that frequently roses that will not grow in Sheikhupura will grow nicely in our Sialkot School about 70 miles from here. I was very happy when Nasim took root and in one year finished a teacher-training course which some have failed twice. Other observing gardeners have since been impressed and remarked about the beauty of her blossom.

The cultured Pakistani rose, I find, is one of the sweetest flowers that grow. Its fragrance is rare, but we cannot expect to gather many of them without getting pricked by a few thorns. Since my garden experiment is proving to be worth while, I intend to continue to plant, transplant, water, and expect an increase. I am hoping that I shall have many garlands of these rare Pakistani roses to lay at the feet of Jesus when He comes.

THE CHANGING UPPER NILE PROVINCE

MARGARET ANDERSON

FORTY YEARS AGO when our mission station at Nasir was newly opened, Dr. Paul Smith was working some distance from his house. He needed hammer and nails, so scratched a note on a piece of paper and sent it off to his wife with a Nuer workman. Soon the man came back with the nails and hammer in his hands and a look of wonder on his face. Word soon went round that the white man had paper that could talk—a worker of magic! That magic is now well known by many Nuers. Village schools dot their country and some of their young men have gone on to intermediate and secondary schools and are now trained teachers, medical assistants, government clerks and administrators. Parents previously reluctant are eager to send their children to school hoping that they too might hold similar positions.

The Good News of God's love and salvation can now be read in the language of each tribe—God speaking to them in words they know and understand and that bring new meaning and hope into their lives. It is carried to remote villages by young people who while attending mission schools have given their hearts to Christ and want to share Him with their own people, often going where missionaries have never been. A number of our missionaries are giving full time to translation of the Scriptures into the various tribal dialects. The Spearhead Press in Malakal and two American printers print and distribute these translations and other literature in more than a dozen languages. These "papers that speak" transform and enrich lives by the magic of God's Spirit. Representatives of five different tribal groups assist in the Press. One of their tasks is to help in the publishing of our Christian magazine *Light*. "Has this month's copy of *Light* arrived yet?" is a question frequently heard in our mission bookshop, at the Seminary, in the various schools. Increasingly this little magazine is speaking to the needs of our Christian community, providing information and inspiration, bringing people in closer touch with one another.

Filmstrips are not new to Africa. David Livingstone had a magic lantern which proved a great attraction. One evening while the scene of Abraham offering his son Isaac was being shown, the audience fled in terror to the bush. Abraham with a knife in his upraised hand seemed to be coming right at them to kill them. Filmstrips are better understood these days and always draw a large crowd. African characters and background are being used in many of them, making them much more effective.

Africans are born dramatists. Through the medium of drama the stories of their tribes are passed on from generation to generation, acted out in cattle camps on moonlit nights or in cattle barns around smudge fires. Each year the Christmas story is given in pageant form on many mission stations. There is always a willing cast with several volunteers for each part. A much wider use of this type of teaching needs to be made. How easily the African can see Jesus born in a stable—the birthplace of many of them, attested to by their names.

Isaiah Col Kir was desperately ill with typhoid fever in a lonely outpost. The Missionary Aviation Fellowship plane had been sent to bring him to Malakal in a desperate effort to save his life. As the miracle drugs of modern medicine began to take effect and Isaiah returned to consciousness, he was gripped by the fear that he might die without having heard his voice telling the Gospel Story on records. Representatives of "Gospel Recordings" had come from America

Margaret Anderson has served in the Sudan since 1924 with her husband, Dr. J. Lowrie Anderson.

some months before and he had been used in recording a service in the Dinka language. His wish has been fulfilled many times as his records and many like them in other dialects have been played to wondering audiences in many villages all over the Sudan — the Word of God coming from a box in simple words they understood and without a foreign accent! Jesus belongs to them!

And we have radios here too! They are still unknown in most villages but their blare is heard in the larger centers bringing a great confusion of voices and ideas. A few programs are conveying the clear call of Jesus Christ and we look for many more in the days ahead. We hope soon to have radio communications connecting some of our remote stations, bringing daily reports from the missionaries with prayer requests and calls for help or counsel. Communications by means of drums and radios operate side by side here in Africa.

The oldest means of communication has always been open to us and is probably the most effective — personal contact, the warm handclasp, a word of sympathy and understanding, a shared sorrow, a shared experience of Christ and His cleansing, of His victory over sin in our lives. Jesus preached to the multitude and fed the five thousand but He also had time for the woman at the well, the man who came secretly at night, His own disciples. So we too as His messengers need most of all to welcome and use the many personal contacts that come to us every day, meeting them in His spirit of love.

In 1914 a pioneer missionary heard that his wife was ill at Doleib Hill, 200 miles away. What could he do? Carrying with him what he could, accompanied by one or two Africans he started to walk—heat by day—water not too safe to drink—sleeping in villages at night when wild animals made walking too dangerous—not knowing what news awaited him. At dawn on the sixth day he arrived, his wife still ill but improving. That illness closed the missionary career of the late Dr. Elbert McCreery, the father of Dr. William McCreery of Sterling College, Ruth McCreery of our Ethiopia Mission, and our Peggy Thompson here in the Upper Nile. Through his children he still carries on.

In 1951 Dr. McCreery revisited the Sudan. A Missionary Aviation Fellowship plane took him in about an hour over the same route he had traveled so laboriously years before. He looked down on those same villages, some of the same trees that had sheltered him from the sun, the rivers whose water he had drunk hoping not to pick up dysentery. The same country yet very different! Education, literacy, translation work, Gospel Recordings, radio, M.A.F. were a part of God's magic working in the Sudan, giving a new dimension to life and building His Kingdom. Our Gospel media have been changing with changing conditions and demands but they carry a changeless message—God loves our African brothers, Christ died to save them and lives to transform. It is our priceless privilege as missionaries to be His messengers of this Good News.

WORLD DAY OF PRAYER PROGRAM

The program for the 1959 World Day of Prayer (Feb. 13) was prepared by a committee of nine Egyptian women of the Coptic Orthodox, Anglican, Evangelical churches and the YWCA. They represent graduates of the French School of the Sacred Heart, St. Mary's English School, and the American College for Girls in Cairo. Miss Martha Roy, faculty member of the American College for Girls, was responsible for assembling the committee. The theme is "Lord, I Believe."

Order from PDS, 5¢ a copy, or $4.50 for 100.

WRITERS' CONFERENCE

MARJORIE J. DYE

THE LIGHT of our small fire glowed in the darkness of the desert sands along the shores of the inky blue Mediterranean. Our eyes were fixed on the fire, while on our ears fell the gentle cadences of Arabic poetry. Then, like a phantom out of the past, appeared on the edge of the circle of light the figure of a man riding a camel. The rider paused, listened a while to the rhythm of the poetry, then silently moved away into the darkness.

The setting of this romantic scene was the summer camp of the Evangelical Church at Agamy, near Alexandria. During the first week in July 1958, the Writers' Fellowship for Simple Arabic Literature held a conference here, and it was this group of about 20 men and women who were gathered around the campfire listening to one of their number reciting poetry. The mysterious figure on a camel was a desert patrol, guarding our safety.

For many of us this was our first experience of camping at Agamy, and we welcomed the opportunity of getting acquainted with this camp which was built by Egyptian and American young people in a joint work camp project three summers ago. The camp is proving very popular with the young people of the Church and with the older people as well. The Writers' Conference opened the season, and following it the camp was in continual use by other conferences throughout the summer. The greatest difficulty was keeping the enrollment of the conferences down to the capacity of the camp, which is about 100.

The Writers' Fellowship was a small group, limited to those who meet each month at the Literacy House in Minia. This was an experimental conference, the first of its kind to be held in Egypt. Its purpose was to stimulate new thought and to train the group in the difficult art of writing for new literates, as well as to remind us all that in this writing we are serving the Lord Christ. As in any conference for writers, much of the benefit came simply from being together with others who are interested in writing. Most of the group are pastors and the wives of pastors, and they are finding this new type of service very rewarding, as they help to prepare books that will help build up their village churches.

The program as planned by Rev. Samuel Habib was along the lines of a workshop. After breakfast each morning the group met together for prayers and devotional service. After this, each writer found a quiet place where he could work on his individual assignment. One rewrote in simple Arabic a story about Simon Peter that is popular in the villages. Another simplified a booklet on pure water. Some of the women wrote about the care of children. One translated a booklet on hookworm and similar diseases common in the villages. Two worked together on the final version of a series of books on the Christian family, and a group of three checked on the writing as it was completed. This work period lasted until noon, when everyone went down to swim in the sea. After lunch and a rest period, work was resumed from four until six, each one busy on his own assignment as before. There were no slackers, and some were so interested that they wrote during the rest period. In the evenings we relaxed, played games or had stunts, or just sat around the campfire and listened to Arabic poetry. Then prayers, and to bed.

The immediate and visible fruits of the Conference were 4 books or booklets completed ready for the press, and 10 others partially finished. Only God can see the invisible fruits, but we are sure that time will reveal many. I was reminded of a group

of Cairo women who visited the literacy classes in the village of Kom el Akhdar last spring. They were women who are interested in social improvement, and as they went from one class to another, they could hardly pay attention to what the classes were doing, or to the fact that these women were really learning to read. What distracted them were the many things needing attention—"Don't you wash the babies' faces for them?" "Don't you help them with better food?" "Don't you have Bible classes?" "Don't you have them clean the streets?" "Don't you have classes on hygiene and cleanliness?" These and many more questions bombarded us as these city women walked around the village. All we could answer was —If we did all these things, when would we find time to teach anyone to read? We teach them to read so that they can learn these things from books. We teach them to read their Bibles, and the group that follows us organizes Bible classes. We need a follow-up group to explain to them the books on health as well. But we are doing what we can by preparing books which will teach many of the needed lessons.

May God use the fruits of this Writers' Conference to bless and to build up His Church. As the light of our small campfire glowed in the darkness at Agamy, may His Word glow in the darkness of illiteracy.

A DAY IN CAMP

(*Continued from Page* 947)

mon in village homes. It looked very easy so I begged to have a try. With great delight the women watched me break one thread after another in my awkward attempts to spin. I had one Gospel portion with me which I gave to one woman who could read. She promised to read it to her whole family. Then bidding goodbye to my hostess I made my way home.

The car drove up with Fred, Laura, and Alice, tired but happy. As we all ate supper together by the light of the pressure lamp they told me the events of the day. In one village some time ago there had been a church fight. They had been able to get the leaders of the two parties to talk it over, publicly ask one another's forgiveness, and shake hands. They had great hopes that now they would worship together in peace in their little mud church.

After supper crowds of villagers began to gather in the meeting tent to see some pictures from the "magic lantern." Muslims and Christians both watched with great interest and reverence the Gospel pictures and listened to the message. When it was over we made our way back to our own tent, tired and ready for bed.

"*Memsahib*, may we see the baby?"

"I'm sorry. The baby is sleeping now. Come back tomorrow."

"*Achi bat, Memsahib. Salaam, Ji.*"

The day was over. Had it been worth while? Would the events of this day count for the Kingdom of God? Only God knows. And yet He has said in His Word, "A little child shall lead them." Had Dale perhaps been the unconscious means by which God had drawn one of His lambs to the place where he might drink of the Water of Life? Had his generous smiles softened some heart and made it more receptive to the message proclaimed by these foreigners? What a joy it would be if sometime someone would say, "Your baby started me on the road toward Life." But in the meantime it was just another day in camp.

FROM A DOCTOR'S DIARY

(Continued from November Issue)

ALBERT G. ROODE, Pibor Post, Sudan

Since Monte Parr is unable to work, Bob Swart and I feel we must help him. He needs about 40 tons of sand to finish the Hostetter house for he is making the cement blocks as well as erecting the house. So, as soon as the clinic work is done each morning, Bob and I have been going across the river to the sandpit and hauling sand. We work all afternoon driving the trucks while the workmen fill the trucks. There is no one else to drive so we have to do it ourselves.

May

We just received word that there will be no cement for the Hostetter house. It arrived in Malakal during the last week of Ramadan, the Muslim fast period, and they could get no one to unload it. By the time the fast period was over the rains had begun and now we will have to wait until September when a steamer comes to Pibor. A matter of a few days means a delay of five months in the building of the Hostetter house.

Our own cook has been having his wife come to the hospital because of abdominal pain which in my opinion is due to chronic amoebiasis. She started treatment, but because I refused to give her injections of penicillin for the abdominal pain and because she felt she was not getting well fast enough, he went off in the middle of the night with her to visit a witch doctor. For three days he was gone and since we did not know until later where or why he had disappeared we supposed he had quit his job so we hired a new cook. When he came back he had no job and his wife was still no better. Now he is working as one of the regular laborers.

Our fruit trees — orange, lemon, grapefruit, tangerine, and lime—have a yellowish color to their leaves. I read in the *Readers Digest* how the lack of zinc causes this so today I pounded a galvanized zinc nail into the trunk of each tree. This is supposed to give the tree the trace of zinc that it needs.

Bats

The new hospital is getting more and more bats in it. In this country bats are a nuisance for they can crawl into the attic of a house through the smallest crack imaginable. Soon the place begins to smell strongly of bats and they stain up the walls and ceilings. We have no caulking compound so I have had the workmen mix up mud mortar and put that in every crack they can find. However they miss many cracks and crevices, so I have to go over the building to see that they have left no openings for the bats.

Since the rains have begun we have had to put our trucks in the garage. The new Ford truck is 22 feet long and the garage is only 20 feet long. So we had to improvise a sort of galvanized zinc extension on the garage so that the truck bed does not get wet.

It is now the end of May and the rainy season is well under way. Our District Commissioner was supposed to be back here by the first of May but was delayed. We hear that he is now 22 miles away at Likwangole and unable to come the rest of the way in a big truck due to the mud. The Assistant D.C. has asked Bob and me if we will go out to get him in our four-wheel-drive jeep. We started out in the middle of the afternoon with seven Murle prisoners (to help push if we got stuck), one policeman with a gun to guard the prisoners, two of our own workmen, the Assistant D.C., Bob and myself. We found much water in the road and lots of mud. Without the four-wheel-

drive we would never have made it. Near Likwangole we came to a stream flowing across the road in which the water was over a foot deep. The jeep got through that but a mile farther on we came to another stream crossing the road well over two feet deep and this we knew we could not cross. Just then we heard a heavy truck approaching in low gear and soon a big government truck appeared in the darkness on the other side of the stream. It brought word that the D.C. was still in Akobo, 80 miles away and would not be coming for a time. Our D.C. finally made it to Pibor during a few dry days between rains.

We are out of meat again so we went down the road to see if we could get some gazelles. We saw a nice big herd of about 60 of them and I shot once and saw nothing happen. Then I shot again and still saw no animal fall; and finally shot the third time and knew I hit an animal. When we went up to get the dead cob we found three animals instead of one. Don't think this is killing too many animals for there are thousands of them here and there is never enough meat to go around to our workmen and our staff.

We have had a short dry spell during the past week or so and our bananas were getting pretty dry. We asked the gardener to start the pump and irrigate the bananas. After about an hour it began to cloud up and soon we had a heavy downpour. Suddenly it dawned on me that the irrigation pump was still running—the gardener had run to his house to avoid getting soaked and had left the pump running during the storm. This is the first time we have ever irrigated the garden during a storm.

June

We are trying to teach our Sudanese workman to run our Gravely tractor and thus keep down the grass that overruns this place during the rains. His idea of running the tractor is to put on full throttle and follow the tractor in spite of what it does. In two days he has hit two stumps and broken two blades on the rotary mower.

A big day in the life of the children. Phil came running in shouting, "The horse has come, the horse has come!" The Pollocks had a horse at Nasir and when they went home to the U.S. on furlough they sent it to us at Pibor to keep it. They hired a man to walk with the horse from Nasir to Pibor — about 180 miles. What a miserable specimen of a horse! First of all he is about twelve years old and evidently he was not fed well on the way for he is skinny as a rail. He has the elegant name of John Smith—no relation to the Captain John Smith of U.S. history but named after a British veterinary inspector of Sudan. We have no place to keep him so we tied him up near the workmen's houses for the night. It rained during the night and in the morning poor John Smith was shivering so badly he could hardly walk, so we cleared out a space in the kerosene store house and will keep him in there out of the rain.

John Smith is slowly fattening up now that we are feeding him *durra* every day along with the good green grass of Pibor. However the serut flies (huge horse flies) are so bad that his legs are caked with blood from their bites. Son John and I have wrapped up his legs with hospital bandages to keep the flies from biting him and now John Smith looks like a racing filly—if you look at him from far enough away.

The M.A.F. plane flew in to Pibor with 10,000 pounds in the new Sudanese currency. Really nice looking bills and another sign of the independence of Sudan.

Killed a four foot cobra in our charcoal house. We have not had many snakes here, now that we are keeping the grass cut low.

July

Now that the rains are here in earnest the place is loud with the

croaking of millions of frogs. The noise in the evenings, especially just after a rain, is terrific. I must write an article on frogs for we have every kind imaginable here.

Four Murles were baptized in the church today. Slowly the people are accepting the Gospel.

Chuck Jordan and Lee Crandall arrived by boat from Akobo—bringing mail for us and coming on important business for the mission. They got caught in a sudd block about 10 miles from Pibor and then were attacked by bees. Chuck's face was so swollen he could hardly see. Lee is not so badly stung as Chuck. They abandoned the boat and walked the last 10 miles to Pibor. When they returned to the boats to start back to Akobo we went with them prepared with bee veils and Flit, but the bees were gone when we got there.

Last night we heard some hyenas howling across the river and then they began to laugh. It is an eerie, spine-chilling sound to hear the maniacal laugh of a hyena. Then we heard some lions roaring so figured the lions and hyenas were fighting over a kill. Contrary to popular opinion hyenas sometimes do get bold enough to fight with lions and try to chase them from a kill.

Now that the river has risen John has made himself a surfboard and I have been taking him riding. He has a pretty good time, except that our river is not wide enough to turn around in with the boat. Even Philip with his one good arm has learned to ride the surfboard.

Had to do a hernia repair today and the only one to help me was my Murle boy—who came right in from the village to work in the hospital. It was the first operation and he soon got sick and had to leave. The patient got along well and went home in 10 days.

Today we had 5½ inches of rainfall from 3 A.M. to 10 A.M. The river is now at flood stage so we took the family in the outboard boat and rode through the woods across the river. Every year when the river rises it floods the woods across the river and we ride a boat through the forest. It stays up about a month and then recedes.

Ocalla, our foreman, ran the Gravely into a tree and broke off the exhaust pipe and muffler. I wonder if these people will ever learn to do mechanical things.

August

Had another hernia repair to do and so asked son John to help. Much to his chagrin he got faint—due to the heat and boredom but he finished out the operation. He is not much help but better than no one.

Every Sunday afternoon we have a church service in English—for the missionaries and for anyone who understands English. Half way through the service our cat caught one of our baby chicks—and the resulting commotion almost broke up the service.

The son of Chief Yakor came to me at 11 P.M. asking me to go out to see his mother who was having difficulty in delivering a child. I sent him back to tell the woman to come to the hospital where we had electricity and all the necessary tools. At midnight he came again for me saying she would not come, so reluctantly I started to walk out to the village (cannot use the car now in the rainy season for the roads are nothing but mud). About a mile down the road I found the woman sitting alongside the road with a new born baby in her arms. She wanted to borrow my penknife to cut the cord, but I made her come to the hospital where I could do the job aseptically. She then took the baby and walked back to the village as happy as could be.

Two days later Chief Yakor came to me all agitated because he had just learned that the above wife had given birth and the child was now ill. Being a chief he has several wives in various places and doesn't exactly know when they do give birth to a

child. Walked out to the village with him and found the child suffering from a cold only.

Another hernia repair to do. This time Charles Jordan, our agriculturist, is here visiting Pibor and I gave him the job of being my assistant. He did a good job even though being an assistant in surgery is a little out of his line.

Started for Akobo in the outboard motor—taking sons John and Philip to Akobo where they will catch the M.A.F. plane, or a steamer to Malakal if the airfield is wet. They are on their way to the missionary kids' school in Alexandria.

Received a letter from son Peter in the States saying that he had gotten a needle broken off in his hand and had been admitted to the West Penn Hospital in Pittsburgh, Pa., to have it removed. By the time we get news of some accident it is all over with and we have nothing to worry about.

September

The first steamer, and only steamer of the year, arrived at Pibor with supplies. I got one big order of drugs that I had ordered from the States in November 1956—almost a year to get those drugs. Part of the delay was due to the Suez Canal incident.

Received a few bottles of Salk polio vaccine by air from the U.S. When it came time for the missionary kids to get their injections they came running to the hospital in high glee as though they were going to a party or picnic. Strange kids! I think they realized what polio could do to them for they know Philip has a weak arm from polio and know the injections will prevent that. None of them cried when given their shots—another strange phenomenon!

Dr. Glenn Reed, Dr. Barney Luben, and Rev. Butyn visited the mission station at Pibor. Dr. Luben is the one who had brought the polio vaccine with him. It was donated to us by a doctor in New Jersey.

Our cook saw a lion walking past the hospital this morning early.

October

Bob Swart was listening to the radio last night at 8 P.M. when they announced the launching of the Russian satellite. Just then the generator stopped because of running out of fuel and so we had to wait until this evening to get more news about the satellite.

Paul Hostetter returned from Akobo where he had gone to have a language conference with Harvey Hoekstra. He brought back with him a Nuer with cancer of the eye and an Anuak woman with osteo of the femur. Operated on both.

We had a hailstorm at Pibor and we got enough hail to use in our ice cream freezer.

November

A government truck made a wild dash from Akobo (80 miles away) to Pibor with a Nuer man who had slit his throat. He had done a good job for it was laid wide open. He missed his vocal cords by a sixteenth of an inch. Thanks to the oxygen tanks and mask donated to me by the West Penn Hospital I was able to use pentothal and sewed him up. Ten days later they took him back to Akobo to put him in jail. It is against the law to try suicide in Sudan.

December

The Roodes left for their vacation in Egypt.

There you have a few incidents in the life of a missionary during the past year. Sometimes we wonder if the things we are doing are really missionary work. It is all done in the name of Christ, it is all done to try to help these people, and so we feel we have the blessing of the Lord on our work. Pray for us that we have the strength to carry on and that we always will be faithful witnesses for the Lord.

FLYING TRIP THROUGH THE SUDAN

LILLIAS L. MONTGOMERY

THE SUDAN IS A LARGE AREA of tropical grassland south of Egypt in eastern Africa where mostly pagan Negro tribes, a few Muslims and Christians, make up the huge population of over 8,000,000. For half a century the Sudan had been under a joint rule of Britain and Egypt. In 1956 the Sudan became an independent country, replacing with Sudanese all foreigners in responsible government positions.

Since I arrived in the Sudan prior to the rainy season, it was not my good fortune to see much of Sudan's famous luxurious grass which grows three to five feet tall and is used on the conical roofs of the round mud *tukls*. Sudan was very hot and dry. The ground was so parched and the cracks in the earth were so deep and rough that it made walking difficult.

There are few large towns in the Sudan—only the trading centers for cotton and ivory, such as Khartoum, the capital, and Omdurman which is at the junction of the Blue Nile and the White Nile. The majority of the natives, who are extremely primitive people, live in small bush villages as farmers and herdsmen, producing only enough grain for their own use, and accumulating large herds of cattle solely for buying their wives.

Doleib Hill on the Sobat River, a branch of the Nile, was selected by our early missionaries for their first thrust into the South Sudan. My visit to the Girls' School at Doleib Hill was especially interesting for this is the only girls' school in the Upper Nile. It is taught by men from the Shulla tribe. Each classroom is a large mud-brick *tukl* with a grass roof. As we stoop to enter the classroom the Shulla teacher is writing the lesson on a blackboard at one end; the girls are seated on benches at tables copying the lesson. They are all dressed alike, merely a white cloth tucked under the right arm with the ends tied in a knot over the left shoulder. Since this is a boarding school, the girls sleep in the dormitory *tukls* and prepare their own food under the general supervision of the missionary in the smaller *tukls*.

Before visiting the homes of the Shullas, we stopped to see the new mission building used especially for the women's work of the village. Here the women meet for Bible study, receive help in caring for their children, and enjoy learning how to sew for their families. We went from *tukl* to *tukl* visiting the sick, the elderly, and the new little black babes, lying on dirty straw mats. There was no furniture in these hovels—we all sat on the mud floor; also there is only one opening, the hole in the wall, through which to crawl in and out. During each visit the missionary speaks to them in their own language words of cheer and comfort and before leaving offers a word of prayer. Although there is no nurse or doctor now at Doleib Hill, the clinic is open daily and the sick are cared for by the native assistant who worked with the missionary nurse formerly stationed here. The day's visit was happily completed by taking the girls from the boarding school for a swim in the Sobat River. These girls wear pretty beaded aprons of their own handiwork for swim suits. When the river is high they swim within a huge bamboo fence as a means of protection from the crocodiles.

Never would it have been possible to visit so many of these out-of-the-way, interesting villages of the Upper Nile had it not been for the Missionary Aviation Fellowship plane piloted by one who has dedicated his

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With this article Mrs. Russell K. Montgomery completes the report of her trip to Egypt, Ethiopia, and the Sudan last spring. A member of the Women's Board, she represented the WGMS at the ceremony celebrating the launching of the Coptic Evangelical Church in the Nile Valley. She is also a member of the Commission on Ecumenical Mission and Relations.

life to this fine Christian service. There is no particular time schedule; the plane is used for the missionaries' travel from station to station. From this small plane it was fascinating to follow the Sobat River winding its way through the sandy hills and to see many native villages completely isolated from the outside world.

Since there was no strip available to land at Nasir, we came down beyond the Mission on a short strip of hard-baked soil with rather deep cracks. Here we were met by the missionary in a motor boat that took us up the Sobat to Nasir, a village of the Nuer pagan tribe. Immediately we visited the hospital where a number of patients were waiting under a large tree to see the doctor. Soon the trained native helpers were very busy with their work of bandaging, giving medicine as prescribed, and assisting with surgery. At a certain time during the morning, all work stops when one of the native helpers, an elder in the Church, conducts an impressive worship service of song and prayer, followed with an earnest and sincere pleading to banish their foolish superstitious customs and to follow the one and only Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

On the veranda of a mission home another fine program is in progress —the literacy class for the women carried on by means of flash cards, the use of the blackboard, and the each-one-teach-one method. While the class was at work, it was interesting to take note of some customs peculiar to this Nuer tribe. Their clothing is the usual cloth loosely tied over one shoulder. Some have the lower lip pierced by a small stick; a few have the outside edge of the ear pierced by several short painted sticks, signifying that all the cows have been paid to satisfy the marriage agreement. All the Nuers wear bright colored beads, bracelets, and even anklets.

The moonlight ride up the Sobat River in the motor boat was a delightful experience. It was fun walking out over the dry sandy river bed in places and enjoying the cool evening breezes. Another memorable moonlight trip we made at Nasir was to the *tukls* of the patients, taking with us the record player. As soon as those in the first *tukl* spied us, the word spread quickly, and in no time they were packed in as closely as possible around the record player, listening intently to the Bible stories told with illustrations from their own customs that they enjoy and understand. "The Good Shepherd" was their favorite story which they begged to hear again and again.

By way of the Missionary Aviation Fellowship plane, it was possible to make a short stop at Akobo among the Anuak tribe. We were there long enough to see in the process of construction the much needed new clinic; the fine agricultural program of experimenting in garden produce, grain, cattle, and poultry; and several large *tukls* being renovated for a new boarding school for Anuak girls.

On our way to Pibor by plane we ran into the first rain experienced since leaving the United States; it lasted only a short time. The Murle tribe at Pibor is a primitive people living in the most meager circumstances one could ever imagine. In spite of the short time this station has been opened, the government has granted permission to build a hospital. It seemed almost unbelievable to see this fine new hospital, of substantial structure and well equipped, in this far away primitive village, in a land where disease is rampant and a hospital is desperately needed. A visit to the *tukls* where the patients live in an appalling condition, together with a mere glimpse of this recently established work was sufficient evidence of the terrific challenge to our Church for a great work ahead. The little Pibor Church in the center of the mission compound has open sides. In the front of the church on the wall is a large red cross; on the floor long bamboo sticks are embedded in the sand for pews. In the back of the church is a huge drum

used to call the natives to the Sabbath morning service.

The long plane ride from Pibor back to Malakal afforded a little time to ponder all these priceless experiences deep in the Upper Nile. Malakal is a trading center of the South and a well established town. Here there is a unique Christian Church used by six tribes of the Upper Nile. Each tribe holds a separate service on Sabbath. This is a beautiful church, modern and well furnished. It has been made possible through a cooperative plan of several Christian denominations of this area. The Spearhead Printing Press at Malakal is valuable in supplying literature to all these pagan tribes of the Upper Nile; also to the North Sudan and to Egypt for their literacy programs and Bible classes. The press is particularly valuable for the publication of *Light*, a magazine of far reaching influence.

The last lap of this wonderful journey included an insight into the work carried on at Omdurman, Khartoum, and Khartoum North. A tour around the large compound of the Boys' Commercial School at Omdurman was impressive as it unfolded an effective program for preparing young Sudanese men for meeting a particular need in this great trading center. It was interesting to watch the new missionaries individually being taught Arabic by natives, and to see the fine quarters for the Bible Women who work through the churches in the surrounding area.

The Christian Literature Center located on a busy street in Khartoum is very popular. The door is open for anyone to come in and read a while. Beyond the reading room is the lending library—a valuable service especially to the churches of Khartoum. The new Christian Literature Center, adjacent to the National Youth Project, is in the process of construction. The Center will provide not only a reading room but also a visual aid department and a Bible study correspondence course. This course provides contacts for persons in prison, in business, and in the churches—truly a fine Christian program.

The spirit and atmosphere of the Girls' Boarding School at Khartoum North is delightful, in spite of the hot sandy and dusty compound. The girls dressed in pink look neat, clean, and happy. The majority of the teachers are Sudanese, some of whom are willing and able to assume positions of great responsibility. Through the years there has gone out from this school much fine Christian leadership.

The United Presbyterian Church has reason to rejoice that God has called us to this great land for Christian service and is unfolding to us wide opportunities for a larger service in the Upper Nile; for truly there is much to be done. Our prayer is that the door may continue to be open to carry the light of the Gospel to the multitude yet in darkness in this vast and needy land.

Manual on Organization

A *Manual on Organization* will be published early in 1959 containing basic information for local societies. It will outline the form of organization recommended by the Women's Advisory Committee as the pattern for local groups of United Presbyterian Women. Included will be a suggested constitution and procedure for changing to the association plan. Societies are urged to study this *Manual* before revising their constitutions. Order from Presbyterian Distribution Service (see addresses on page 990) at 35¢ a copy. (This is the same item listed as a *Handbook* at 50¢ before plans had been completed.)

The Book Nook

Elder, Earl E. *Vindicating a Vision.* Philadelphia, The United Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, 1953. Cloth only, $3.50.*

One of the hardest jobs any historian has is to compress the record of many events into a bird's eye view, and still include enough detail to make interesting reading. In accomplishing this difficult feat, Dr. Earl E. Elder has been eminently successful in his centenary history of the United Presbyterian mission in Egypt, *Vindicating a Vision.*

Drawing on material found in earlier studies, in biographies of various pioneer figures, in mission records and reports, and in his own memories (based on 40 years of distinguished service in the land), Dr. Elder gives us an amazingly comprehensive, yet very readable, record of the entire century of work.

With an excellent gift for organization, the author divides the hundred years into four periods, and takes up these in turn. For each period, he gives: (1) a helpful glimpse of the Egyptian political and social conditions that affected the mission work of the time; (2) a picture of the over-all strategy and methods used during the period, with the reasons for these; (3) a description of the type of work done, and the progress made, at each station; and (4), at the end of each section, the names of the workers on the field as of that date, with mention of their stations.

Here is a wealth of factual material (one could wish there were an index); but here also is colorful description, and enough story quality to carry the reader along from chapter to chapter.

There are something like 33 pages of photographic illustrations, and on the front end paper two very clear line maps.

The "vision" that forms the theme of the book is the hope and purpose of our earliest missionaries (first put into recorded words in 1869) that the goal of all the work was, not the formation of an enduring mission organization, but rather the development of an indigenous church which which as soon as possible would become self led, self supporting, and itself a missionary organization with a responsibility for further evangelization.

Dr. Elder shows how this vision, while not yet perfectly fulfilled, was wonderfully vindicated when in 1953 (just 99 years after the arrival of the first missionary) the Egyptian Evangelical Church sent *its* first missionary to the land of the Upper Nile.

For those new to United Presbyterian mission work, *Vindicating a Vision* will give an excellent working knowledge of one field through the reading of a single volume.

For those long familiar with such work, the book will bring back well loved names and well loved stories, from the time of the Hoggs and beautiful Bamba, clear down to the dedicated cross-bearers of today. Perhaps even more important, it will provide, for most of us, a new comprehension of the relationships between remembered events, a new understanding of problems encountered, and a new appreciation of the way in which God's Spirit has led.

And, incidentally, for those now studying the Middle East, the latter chapters will furnish invaluable background information for use in appraising the current Egyptian situation.

> "Look backward [then] . . . all ye who love this land,
> This ancient land, now struggling to be born . . ."[1]

Yes, let us look backward with Dr. Elder, in order that we may have greater understanding as we go forward in the work of another century. *Muriel I. (Mrs. Walter R.) Forrest*

*Order from Presbyterian Distribution Service, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

[1]Bradley Watkins. Remember—and Press On. (Written for the Celebration of the Centennial of the American Mission in Egypt, 1854-1954.)

MARY E. LOGAN

Born April 29, 1867 - Died October 24, 1958

Miss Mary E. Logan was a member of the largest party of missionaries who arrived in Sialkot in the fall of 1891. I was a little boy playing with my sisters and a brother on the compound of the Christian Training Institute at Barah Patthar, India, but there is a vivid memory of the four new Miss Sahibas and the two married couples who were at our house for some days.

Miss Logan entered upon the arduous task of learning the vernacular, and indeed more than one language; a five-year course of study was required of all missionaries. In due time Miss Logan acquired an acceptable use of the language, in which she could wax eloquent as she warmed to the subject of Christ.

Her first term was spent in Gujranwala where she taught in the schools, but she engaged chiefly in evangelistic village work among illiterate Christian and non-Christian women. She seemed frail almost all of her life, but learned to care for what strength God gave her in order to spend it for Him; she was an active missionary for almost 42 years.

Besides Gujranwala, she served in Khangah Dogran, Lyallpur, and Sialkot; and her second home was in Jhelum. In 1912, she and Miss Ella Gordon watched over and trained me in my first assignment in that large and rugged district north of the Jhelum River. Miss Olive I. Brown (who later became Mrs. Harris J. Stewart) is also grateful for the early tutelage of Miss Logan. There were always morning prayers with the Indian coworkers and others, and in the evening after dinner and the oil lamps were lit, the little group of American missionaries had prayers, thanking God for the opportunities of the day, beseeching His guidance and blessing. Miss Logan's voice was often heard in earnest and eloquent prayer in behalf of the unsaved and unblest. She was a leader in selling Scriptures and tracts, and carried her bag of literature wherever she went; thus seed was broadcast and Miss Logan's enthusiasm never waned.

Miss Logan had an especially tender place in her heart for orphans and for young Hindu widows under the perpetual scorn and dishonor of Hinduism, one of whom was Raj Kumari, the beloved Bible Woman of Gujranwala. Many mourn Miss Logan as their "mother." Her generation has passed away, but she still lives in the hearts of many whom she touched as a servant of Christ.

The Christian Endeavor Movement found in her an ardent supporter; also the revivals of 1896 when self-support received its great impetus, and of 1905 connected with "Praying Hyde" and the Sialkot Convention of which she was an enthusiastic participant. Her particular interest always was in the cultivation of the spiritual life.

Her interest in the work of God in the Punjab did not cease when she retired in 1933. She stimulated a small prayer circle and issued a prayer letter with definite requests, among these a call for help to erect parsonages for village churches. By 1955 there were 60 of these parsonages, because of the prayers, interest, and gifts of God's people through the "Molly Logan Parsonage Fund."

Miss Mary E. Logan of Rushville, Ind., who went to be with her Lord on Oct. 24, 1958, though dead still speaks to us and her prayers are still remembered by Him whom she served and who is powerful to do even more than she asked or thought.

Harris J. Stewart, a Colleague

Editorial

HANDING ON THE QUILL

To write finis to her own magazine is surely one of the hardest tasks that ever falls to the lot of an editor. It is made easier for me by the knowledge that both of my immediate predecessors, who gave many years of consecrated effort to this magazine, would have rejoiced as I do in the union with the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A., were they living now. This is a time for tender reminiscences, but much more for joyful anticipation of the more effective service that a new magazine can render.

Among my greatest rewards in the past two and a half years has been the wonderful response from missionaries and other writers, often at personal sacrifice. Wrote one missionary: "It will be a privilege to send you an article." I would not have asked him, had I known he was recuperating from a heart attack. Another, while in the hospital recovering from an eye operation, dictated an article to his wife. All of them have contributed their talents without financial remuneration.

With such cooperation it is no wonder that I have loved this work more than any other I have ever done before, even though it has been the most arduous I have ever undertaken. My gratitude is unceasing to all who have helped and encouraged and prayed for the magazine. And of course to my faithful colleagues, Mrs. Ralph H. Arnold, treasurer for nineteen years, and Miss Dorothy Veneziano, mailing list secretary, who have worked exceedingly hard the past two months to handle the avalanche of subscriptions and renewals for the new magazine.

Among my regrets are the many good ideas for articles which I never had time to pursue, the embryos of editorials which never materialized, the innovations I would have liked to introduce but felt it unwise in view of the fact that more sweeping changes were in making. Always I have been conscious of my many mistakes—both those I knew about, and those I did not know enough even to recognize.

A bonus of eight extra pages in this issue goes to subscribers for their patience and staunch support. Your desires regarding the contents of a new magazine, as indicated in the opinion poll taken last year, will be relayed to the editor and the board of the new magazine.

The *Junior Missionary Magazine*, sister publication of the Women's General Missionary Society, will close its sixty-year career at the same time as MISSIONARY HORIZONS. A warm word of appreciation is richly deserved by Mrs. Edwin B. Hurrell, editor for the past three years, and Mrs. R. D. Greenaway, business manager for the last seven years. Surely their voluntary service has been a labor of love.

It is appropriate that a new magazine should have a new editor. I salute *Concern*—your magazine from now on—and hope that it will appeal to many more United Presbyterian women than MISSIONARY HORIZONS was ever able to do. With the advantages of a larger circulation, and the wider outreach and opportunities of the New Church, it should be well equipped to fulfill the task of a Christian periodical. May it be a fruitful means of spreading the Good News around the world.

Edith L. McBane

CONCERN Makes Debut With New Year

EXECUTIVE EDITOR OF NEW MAGAZINE NAMED

NEW YORK—Mary B. Reinmuth brings to her position as Executive Editor of *Concern* a broad background of knowledge and experience in administrative posts in the fields of writing and editing. Her talent for personal relationships with people of all ages and interests has attracted various executive offices in professional and civic clubs.

A native of Minnesota, Miss Reinmuth's formal education was further enhanced by 12 years' study of the violin at MacPhail College of Music. She is a life-long Presbyterian, having been a member of Westminster Church of Minneapolis prior to her present membership in the first Presbyterian Church of New York City. Extensive travel in the United States, Canada, Mexico, the Carribbean area, and all parts of Europe has enlarged her understanding of various ethnic groups. In March she participated in the Joint Conference of United Church Women and the Department of Church and Economic Life of the National Council of Churches, devoted to the study of "Employed Women and the Church."

Miss Reinmuth has also served as speaker and consultant in career counseling at St. Lawrence University under the auspices of the New York State Department of Commerce and in a similar project at Fordham University held by Advertising Women of New York, an organization of which she is a member. She has acted as judge of publications in international competition and has, herself, won a national journalistic award. Among her other professional clubs are the National League of American Pen Women, International Council of Industrial Editors, and the American Institute of Graphic Arts, in which organizations she has held various offices or has served as a member of the board.

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Golde

Girls' Boarding Sc

AUDR

Miss Marguerite McClelland, principal for twenty years

High school girls participating in volley ball match

Ping pong games at Golden Jubilee celebration

ONE COULD ASK for no greater thrill than a glimpse into the past fifty years in the history of girls' education at the American Mission School in Khartoum North, the Sudan. The beginning of the school was small and challenging, but there have been a steady increase in enrollment, higher standards, more promising potentialities among the girls, greater zeal and enthusiasm for higher education, additional buildings to accommodate the ever rising needs, and a growing Christian influence springing from the deep-rooted witness given by each missionary who had a share in this work. All of these developments have been unfolding in our generation like a beautiful rosebud coming into full bloom.

The golden jubilee was held on Oct. 3, 1958. All the fourth secondary alumnae students were the guests of honor. They wore a special school pin as a mark of distinction, which could be seen and recognized by all the guests. Decorations and welcome signs, music played by the Sudanese Police Band, the green and white uniforms worn by the members of the Sports Club, the high school girls in their pink uniforms with the A.M.S. emblem on the front, all contributed to a healthy school spirit and a great reunion.

The first part of the program revealed the popular training in sports as the girls competed with each other as well as the alumnae team in matches of volley ball and table tennis. The growth in sports throughout these fifty years has fluctuated. At the present time there has been a revival in interest through the introduction of the Sports Club.

The second part of the program provided an opportune time for old classmates to renew acquaintance and to talk about the good old days as they gathered around tables—eating, drinking, and enjoying the music of the band. About 8 P.M. the chattering crowd assembled to enjoy and to participate in a program given by the present-day teaching staff of the American Mission, most of whom are graduates of this school.

The historical skit, presented by the teachers, revealed many interesting facts concerning the history of the school. In

bilee

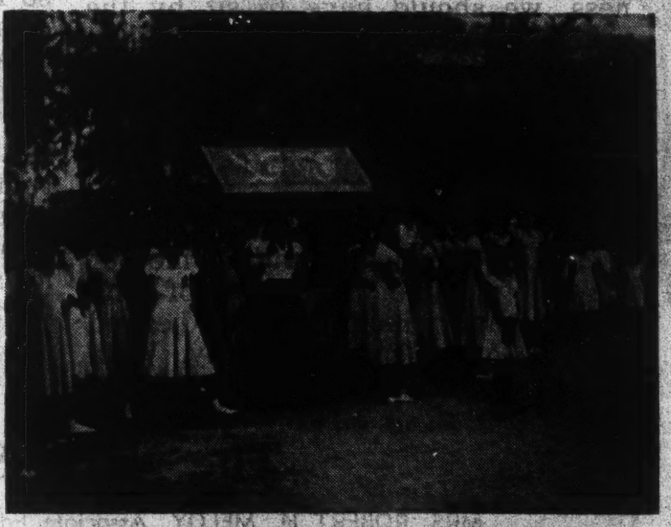
Khartoum North

1906 property was purchased and on Christmas Day of that year work was begun on the foundations of the first rooms. The first single woman missionary was on the field when the foundation was laid, and in 1907 a second arrived from America. In September 1908, the longed-for institution was opened by the late Mrs. Elbert McCreery and Mrs. Fannie Bradford Bailey. The enrollment that first year was 49. It has steadily increased throughout the years, and at the present time there are 750 girls in the main school and 200 in the village schools at Hillet Mansour and Khogali, on the edge of Khartoum North. A number of short-termers and most of the single women missionaries gave some years of service in the school. Miss Elsie Grove gave twenty years to the G.B.S.; Miss Frances Turk spent twenty-nine years; and Miss Marguerite McClellan was located here from 1932 until 1954.

In 1927, it was decided to give four years of secondary training. Previous to that time, a two-year course had been provided. Now, however, it is the purpose of the school to provide courses which will enable graduates of the secondary department to sit for Cambridge examinations after one year of study. In 1956, typing and shorthand were introduced as regular subjects and the commercial department came into existence. One of the forward steps which has rejoiced the hearts of the missionaries was the appointment of some of the alumnae to be heads of the departments in this school. That significant action was taken in 1957 after Sitt Naima Simaan and Sitt Alice Boulis returned from a year's study in America. It is hoped that in the future more of the national teachers may be able to take additional work in foreign lands.

Roars of laughter came from the audience as various graduates revived incidents from the past. Devotion and loyalty were expressed in the words of the Alma Mater as the crowd rose to its feet and sang it together. Finally deep silence rested upon the bowed heads of the entire audience and the closing prayer eched out into the night, bringing to a perfect end the day of festivity with praise to God, the author and finisher of this great work.

Nagwan Abdi Hamid, a senior, and her alumna mother



Part of the crowd along the side lines

Onlookers at sports events, Police Band in background

NEWS FROM AFAR

Pakistan and India

MRS. CHARLES A. STEWART, Associate Editor

UNPLANNED FELLOWSHIP

It was dark when we got back to the "Chevie," and it would not start! There was neither flashlight nor lantern. Then, of all things, the driver announced that we were out of gas. What a pickle to be in five miles from camp! The driver borrowed a cycle and rode back to the camp to bring one of the tins of gas.

It had irritated me no end that to top a long day, by Buta's carelessness, we should have to sit by the road in the cold and dark. Then quickly came the thought that God is in everything that happens to us, and voicing that seemed to put us all in a better frame of mind. With the pastor and his wife we fell to talking of spiritual happenings in our own lives. Then a young farmer of the village came with a pile of long rice straw, which he had begged from a loaded oxcart nearby. With this he kindled a fire while a number of people gathered, including two women with babies. First the pastor and his wife got out of the car and sat on their "hunkers" warming their hands. The fire was so tempting that I too joined them.

As we chatted, Padri Kesar Das started a Punjabi Zabur, and we sang one after another of the Psalms from memory in a joyous spirit of lighthearted praise. A tiny sprite of a girl dancing in and out among us, so near the fire, yet so safe, demonstrated our spirit, adding to our joy. The young farmer, taking pleasure in being host to this roadside party, fed the rice straw so carefully that it lasted until Buta returned. No one of that party can ever forget how we enjoyed ourselves and one another in a peculiarly informal Christian fellowship. And what a lesson for the missionary!

Eva Hewitt
Pasrur

The North Sudan

MRS. ROBERT H. MELOY, Associate Editor, Omdurman, The Sudan

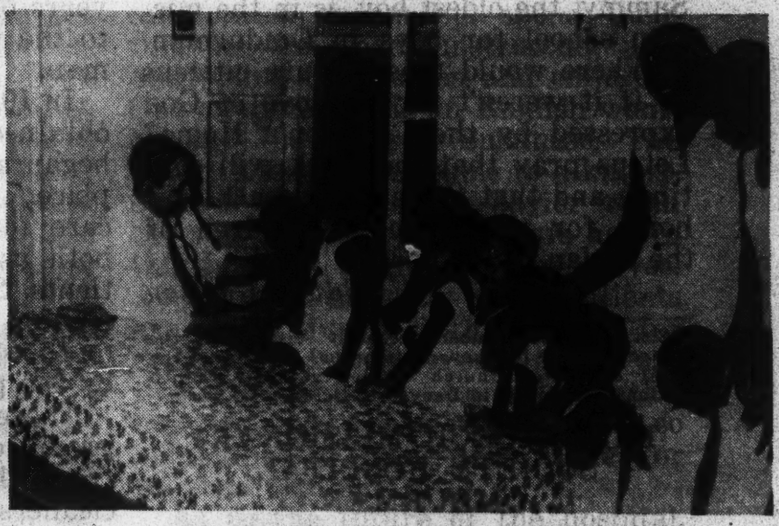
A HOME FOR THE HOMELESS

The Children's Home in Khartoum North, North Sudan, was started almost six years ago by Sitt Elizabeth Gubara. With two young, unwanted children named Sammy and Negali this courageous new mother moved into a modest house located on mission property. Since then, many others have arrived at the Home in various ways. From hospital, government agency, garbage dump, riverside, and doorstep came unwanted babies. Usually they were sick and weak. Three of them did not live. Some were later taken out of the Home by relatives. Today one will find 14 children, ranging from seven months to sixteen years of age, happy and healthy.

The Home is supported by the Evangelical Church of the North Sudan and special gifts from generous people, near and far. As the work and expenses become greater each year, the biggest need is to have more people praying and giving. Workshops, gardens, and separate rooms for boys and girls are projects needed in the near future. A committee of church members and mission-

Sitt Elizabeth and Dahab singing with the children

Sitt Elizabeth and the children at the Children's Home, Khartoum North



Dr. Labib gives the regular check-up

Dr. Labib Abdulla and baby Miriam

Sitt Elizabeth and the kindergarten group

aries helps to manage business and improvements.

The purpose of "building the children physically and spiritually" has been closely followed by the Home. Dr. Labib Abdulla inspects them each week and gives special care to the two young babies. Dahab, the eldest, faithfully helps Sitt Elizabeth in training the younger ones to live in Jesus' Way. Prayers, reading God's Word, and singing songs of praise are daily activities for all. As in all homes, patience, understanding, discipline, and love have been the answers to the many problems that arise. Dahab in the eighth grade and six of kindergarten age attend the mission school in Khartoum North. Sammy, the oldest boy, is in the mission school for boys in Omdurman.

Where would these future citizens be if it weren't for the love of God expressed by the Children's Home? Let us pray that the work will continue and that there will be a larger home for the homeless children of the Sudan.

Edwin Carlson

Sitt Elizabeth Gubara recently visited in the United States for several months. She was the guest of United Church Women at their Eighth National Assembly in Denver in October.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY HOSPITAL, OMDURMAN

Organized medical care was first given to the people of Omdurman in 1900, only two years after Kitchener, with the combined British and Egyptian army, defeated the Dervish forces under the leadership of the Khaleefa Abdullahi.

Foreigners were greatly feared in those days and no permission could be obtained to care for the ailing within the city. A mud room was built at some distance in the desert west of the town and this room was known as the "Poison House" because many believed that poisoning was the chief purpose of these foreigners in treating the sick.

As the confidence of the people was gained, permission was given to use a room in the market area of the city. Later a building on the main street was purchased and there the citizens began to come in ever increasing numbers.

The founders of this work were Dr. and Mrs. Hall who gave long years of devoted and faithful service to the people of the city of Omdurman.

In 1913, an ample piece of land was obtained and a hospital erected. Then began a greater service in a suitable place. Facilities were available to care for men, women, and children both as out-patients and as bed-patients. Surgery has always been carried on when a surgeon was present on the staff and the confidence shown by the people was most encouraging.

There has always been a dedicated group of workers in the hospital, from the doctor in charge to the cleaners and others who do the menial tasks. In the years since the Second World War, the obtaining of doctors and nurses has become increasingly difficult. Especially has this been true in regard to doctors. For some time now there has been only one resident full-time doctor and with

Entrance to Church Missionary Society Hospital, Omdurman, North Sudan

Mothers and babies get special attention at the Church Missionary Society Hospital, Omdurman

her have been associated one or two part-time doctors who have been of great help, but who do not assume any of the daily routine responsibility. For more than two years there has been no surgeon on the staff and consequently no major surgery has been done. In spite of the handicap of a greatly depleted staff, a great service has been and is being rendered to all who come seeking help.

Because of the lack of doctors, the hospital began in 1946 to cater chiefly to women and children. No longer were men admitted as ward-patients and even in the out-patient clinic, very few men are treated. Such a course made some changes in the patients served, but no change in the amount of work to be done. Between five and six thousand women and children are treated in the out-patient clinic every year and ward-patients number not less than two thousand.

One of the most important services rendered by the hospital is the school of nursing, the pupils of which now number 16 girls and three men. Those enrolled fully represent the Sudan, as they come from the South, the Nuba Mountains, and the North. Those completing the course are examined by the Ministry of Health and the successful girls may go on and take the course in midwifery offered by the Ministry of Health.

Since this is a mission hospital, we expect care and attention to be given to the spiritual needs of the patients, as well as the physical ones. Two consecrated evangelists spend their time in the wards instructing and comforting the women and children. One of these two is an English woman and the other a Sudanese. The latter, herself, first came to a knowledge of Christ as her Savior when she was a patient many years ago in this hospital where she now serves. As the great majority of the patients are of the Muslim faith, the need for evangelism is very great and we are thankful for these who serve in this manner and whose services are so acceptable to those who come for physical healing.

As to the future of the hospital, in regard to its usefulness and need there is no doubt, but that future is not very clear due to the difficulty of obtaining an adequate staff of doctors. In recent months, an effort has been made to place the hospital under the control and responsibility of three missionary societies: the Church Missionary Society, the Swiss Evangelical Mission, and the American Mission. A constitution has been drawn up and a board of governors from the various Christian groups in Omdurman is being formed. It is greatly hoped that the future of the hospital can be assured and at the present time hopes are high. Two additional doctors are under consideration and may be added to the staff soon.

Remember this hospital as it con-

tinues to serve in a manner that is greatly appreciated. Here kind treatment is freely given, which is not true in most other hospitals of this land. Here the Great Physician is honored and patients have an opportunity to receive that spiritual healing which most of them have never had before and may never have again.

Leander Finley

GEREIF BIBLE WOMEN'S CONFERENCE

Loaded with suitcases, blankets, and several girls we started off for Gereif in the faithful Ford. A half hour later we arrived just as tea was being served under the shade of a big tree. Happy reunions filled the first few minutes as we met again, after a year, the Bible Women from Port Sudan, Atbara, Wad Medani, and Gedaref. We were about 30 in attendance and had more room to spread out this year since all four of the school rooms were used for the dormitory.

Each day after tea at 7 A.M. and private devotions, classes were held in the new church. Being open all along one side and the back, the church was the ideal place for classes. One could enjoy the green trees and bushes all around. The singing of the birds was a welcome sound to ears accustomed to tooting horns and loud radios. Even more welcome was the opportunity to study God's Word together and learn of the Bible Women's work in other cities.

After the breakfast break at 9 o'clock we had devotions and a singing period. The conference theme song on Phil. 1:6 was popular and a translation of "Oh, I Love to Hear His Voice." Last year's favorite chorus, "Are We Downhearted?" was not forgotten.

Our guest speaker, Mrs. Mary Zaki, arrived two days late from Egypt, because of a delay in securing a visa. The Lord answered prayer and she found a place on a plane two days after the visa was granted. The study of I Corinthians was practical for Christian workers and her devotional messages were very challenging. Her life, too, was an inspiration to all. The lessons on the tabernacle in the wilderness given by Sitt Rena Musaad of the Christian Training School gave us all a new appreciation of how beautifully Christ is pictured in the types of the Old Testament.

Rest and recreation filled the afternoon hours. After supper a series of filmstrips on *Pilgrim's Progress* was shown. The days were closed with evening prayers and the sleepy heads soon talked themselves to sleep out under the stars.

One of the high points of the Conference was the graduation exercises for a Christian Training School student. Friends from the Evangelical churches of Omdurman, Khartoum, and Khartoum North filled the church to overflowing. Dr. Reid Shields presented the diploma to Sitt Miriam whom he had known for many years. We all rejoiced as we heard Sitt Miriam, who started as a sewing teacher for group classes, tell how the Lord led her to train to be a Bible Woman. We wished that more were being graduated with her.

It was with real regret that we said goodbye and went our separate ways refreshed and strengthened by two weeks of fellowship with one another around His Word. We trust that He who has begun a good work in our hearts and in the hearts of those we teach will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ.

Evelyn Stewart

New church at Gereif, North Sudan

THE CHRISTIAN CENTER OF THE EVANGELICAL CHURCH, OMDURMAN

Although the members of the United Presbyterian Church in Omdurman are a small group, yet—by the grace of our Lord—they have a

Baptism class with Rev. William Musaad, Omdurman Church, the Sudan

high vision. They can see the wide field for service—how many different men attend the church services, how many young men from various tribes want to join the church, how many are hungry for spiritual food. For these reasons the session decided to work out a plan for a Christian Center in Omdurman.

In August 1956 we opened a night school to teach Arabic and Bible to Southerners and young men from the Nuba Mountain tribes. We have now three classes containing 78 students. Most of them are from the Moro, Hebani, Bari, and Dellami tribes. (The Sudan United Mission and the Church Missionary Society of England work among these tribes in their homeland, the Nuba Mountains.) There are also some from the American Mission fields, Dinka, Shilluk, and Nuer. Some of these asked me to have a meeting of Bible study for them. We wrote down their names, the names of their tribes, and where they lived in order to visit them. A class of 30 young men studied about one year and a half. Six took certificates to their villages to be baptized there. Six have been delayed until the next time of baptism to study more. Eighteen were baptized in our church.

Their course of Bible study covered all the basic doctrines of the Christian faith with a study of the life of Christ in terms of its meaning to practical Christian living. This course was set up to prepare them for Christian baptism. These young men were faithful in attending the classes which were held three times a week and in attendance at the worship services of the church. Now these same students are in a higher class of Bible study to confirm them. Moreover we have a new class of 35 young men to learn Christian doctrine once a week.

We are going to build some classrooms beside the church for Christian Endeavor activities, Sunday School, and night school to develop this place into a Christian Culture Center. We have faith in our most gracious God that He will provide the funds. Pray for us that we may glorify our Lord Jesus Christ and build a new generation from the families of those who know our beloved Redeemer.

William Musaad

Rev. William Musaad, a graduate of the Theological Seminary in Cairo, came to the Sudan with his family in 1956 to be the pastor of the Evangelical Church in Omdurman.

The Upper Nile

MRS. HAROLD R. C. PETERS, Associate Editor, Malakal, The Sudan

A MOTHER ON THE MISSION FIELD

Anywhere in the world a mother is a busy person. There are always clothes to mend, a bruised knee to bandage, a running nose to wipe, to say nothing of the meals to prepare, or to try to sandwich in between the answer to the perpetual plea, "Mommy, I want a story. Read a story, please." A mother on the mission field has all these duties and more as well. In our home are three little ones ranging from four and a half years to three months. What joy they bring, and humbly we thank God for the privilege of caring for them.

The demands of the day begin at about 6:30 A.M. when all three children seem to awaken at once. From then until 8:30 P.M. when the last drink of water has been given there is little time to call my own. Sometimes a day passes without any word consciously spoken for our Lord to the needy souls around us. Are missionary mothers then not real missionaries in the sense that their time is not devoted directly to evangelism or other phases of mission work? Admittedly at times we feel tied down, and long for more time and energy for language study, for getting out into the villages to talk to the women about Jesus and His love. But their pattern of life in a day differs from ours too, so that they are busy preparing meals at the times when we might be free to go, which is another drawback. Yet a Christian home is a real witness, and if one evidences a spirit of love, patience, and understanding with those with whom we do come in contact, this can be more influential than we realize.

In training our own children to fear the Lord we have a high calling. For our children we desire a long, useful, happy life. In the book of Proverbs are many verses which show us how important it is to fear the Lord. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom"—we do want them to be wise. "In the fear of the Lord is strong confidence"—what a place of security in this world! "The fear of the Lord tendeth to life"—yes, truly that is our desire for our little ones.

Still there are those who say that it is not right to bring up children in an uncivilized land, and to deprive them of certain blessings which come with the American way of life. Perhaps. But, judging from the size of the majority of the families in the American Mission, Upper Nile, I doubt if many of our workers agree with this sentiment! Mentally and spiritually Christians are those best equipped to bring up children, no matter what the external circumstances. True, certain conditions here are unfavorable. Our children need to learn to be aware of the danger of scorpions; their little bodies are sometimes attacked by malaria. But then we have the distinct advantage of the absence of the great menace of speeding traffic and the resulting frequent casualties of busy America.

Many of our families with older children face the strain of separation when these youngsters go off to school thousands of miles away. They still need parental care, but the advantages of living and learning with others their own age outweigh the advantages of the heart. So the lump in the mother's throat is swallowed, and she cheerfully sends her dear ones on their way, that in future years they may better serve their Lord and face the complexities of the world.

Indeed, we consider it a privilege to teach our children the blessedness of those who bring the gospel of peace, who proclaim deliverance to

these captives of fear, superstition, and ignorance. When our two-and-a-half-year-old prays at eventide, "Dear Jesus, help me to eat and to sleep. Bless the sick people. Help the children here to love you. Amen," my heart overflows with love and gratitude for the privilege of being a missionary mother. Humbly I add my own prayer. "O God, give me strength and wisdom for my task. May your love shine out through me to those in my own home, and beyond to all who need Thee."

Lorraine (Mrs. LaVerne) Sikkema
Akobo, Upper Nile

Egypt

MRS. W. J. SKELLIE, Associate Editor, Assiut

A MISSIONARY LEARNS

Very often after dismissal here in Tanta School, I meet one of the boarders hurrying through the hall with a very special look on her face. Although I know the answer well, yet I like to hear it repeated. So I say, "Why are you running?" The answer is always the same: "Someone came for me." And the look on the face is always one of joy. Someone from home has come.

Sometimes I wonder at this joy on their faces and the speed with which they run to the meeting. For many of our children come from homes where there is little of love and joy. Many are children of divorce, some are half orphans, and some are victims of indifference and selfishness. One family of brothers and sisters and cousins comes to school habitually poorly clothed, poorly washed, and poorly fed. This is not because of poverty, for they are rich in money. The father is one place, the mother is another; sometimes they're with their grandmother, sometimes with another relative, and sometimes they're put in the boarding school. On every meeting with any member of the family we beg them to give the children more care. It seems to them enough that they have put them in the school and always pay their fees. Yet whenever any of the family comes, we still hear the happy phrase, "Someone came for me."

Another pair of small sisters are definitely not wanted at home—no one wants to be bothered by them, and of course they have become behavior problems. So we have them in the boarding school. Yet when they hear that their father is in the office they come running and saying, "Someone came for me."

The above stories could be repeated many times with variations. And not all the children come from unhappy homes. Some are well cared for and loved and are in school because their parents want the best for them. And of course they are happy when they can say, "Someone came for me."

On occasion the parents or relatives do not receive a good report on the child they have come to visit. Maybe she has been naughty or has neglected her lessons and the parents are displeased with her. But even though the girl knows that she must face disapproval, still we hear, "Someone came for me."

As I hear this phrase so often and under such different circumstances, I cannot help but think of the redemptive work of God. "Someone came for me." Is this not what happened? I wonder if we come running to Him in gladness even as these children come to those who have thrown them out and neglected them. Do we come with joy even when we know we have done wrong, being confident of forgiveness? And is there any earthly parent, even the most loving, who is more loving than our Father in heaven who has sent Someone for us?

We become accustomed to thinking

of a missionary as one who is sent to tell. But the longer I work in Egypt, the more certain I am that this missionary has also been sent to learn. Often the deepest truths are expressed in the simple words of a little child. For truly we can say, "Someone came for me."

Mary C. Thompson

WORK AMONG YOUTH

Ever since I came to know the Lord Jesus as my personal Savior, I have been greatly interested in Christian work, but my activities in that field were limited—at first, because I was a full-time student, and later, because I was a full-time teacher.

When I became a full-time Christian worker, however, the scope of my activities became much wider, and now I find myself undertaking responsibilities which my time would not have allowed me to undertake before. To begin with, I am responsible for the early morning services held at Emmanuel Church every Sunday from 7:30 to 8:15 A.M. These services were started in October 1957 with the special purpose of giving university students the opportunity to worship on the Lord's Day before they go to their universities. We have a different speaker and a different leader every Sunday. The services are mostly held in Arabic, but once in awhile we have an English service for a change.

I also teach at Emmanuel Home Leadership Training Center. The courses I give are Christian psychology and instruction in research work.

Then, there is the new religious magazine for women, called *Cornerstones*, which I am editing. The first number of this magazine appeared in January 1958.

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Apart from this, there is the work I have always been doing, and that is the writing and production of evangelistic plays. On Nov. 22, 1957, the play *His Banner Over Me Was Love* was acted at Dales Hall by the Emmanuel Home Group. Just now we are working on short Christmas sketches and tableaux to be given at the local Christmas celebrations both at Emmanuel Home, and in the different churches.

I still meet with the Bible study group I had formed in the English Department of Cairo University when I was a student there. We meet once a week to study the Bible and discuss our various problems. I also take a Sunday School class at 9:30 A.M. every Sunday.

I still teach at the English Mission College—one third of the schedule I used to take, and half of it is Scripture. I now teach only the Upper 5 Class, which is the class that will enter university next year. I am also responsible for almost all the Christian activity in the Senior School, which includes prayer bands, chapel services, evangelistic programs for both students and outsiders. This has greatly helped me to keep in touch with the senior girls of the school, and to share their problems. Many of them are going through suffering which one would never dream they knew anything about. I find great joy in helping these girls. In the summer we had a Christian camp for them, and in October several of them joined the leadership training classes at Emmanuel Home. Last December the school gave its annual Christmas program, and I was in charge of it. The main item on the program was an evangelistic play about the challenge of Christmas. Besides the students and the administrative staff of the boys' and girls' colleges, many graduates and some university professors were present.

Many times I feel weak and incapable of carrying out the responsibilities which God has laid upon me. But I am always comforted by God's promise that in my weakness His strength is made perfect. To Him be all the glory.

Mary M. F. Massoud

Miss Mary Massoud is now in this country studying religious drama at Union Theological Seminary in New York City.

CAIRO GIRLS' GROUPS

"Faithful is he that calleth you who also will do it."

I started work at Emmanuel Home on Jan. 15, 1957. The first few months I was trying to know the work as a whole at Emmanuel Home. At this time Miss Lydia Matta had much to do and one of her burdens was the Cairo Girls' Meetings. So supervising the Cairo Girls' Groups was given to me.

These plans were made:

1. The meetings, 16 of them, were divided into four groups. Each group has a supervisor. Each supervisor has to look after the meetings in her group, to plan for them, and to bring them before the throne of God.
2. The supervisors meet once every two weeks to discuss the problems of their groups and to pray and plan some activities so that the meetings may grow and bring forth fruit.
3. In order that all the meetings may know the plans and activities of the groups we have planned to publish them in our new magazine. This year the Lord willed that two new meetings should start, one in Helwan and the other in Qubba Palace.
4. Every now and then we hold meetings for all the girls of these groups. We hear the problems of each meeting and try by the Lord's guidance to find the answers. In October of last year we held a big meeting. We called it the Prize-giving Meeting, and gave the cup and other prizes to the best groups.

I also do the secretarial work at Emmanuel Home. Everything that happens at Emmanuel is kept and registered. Once a week I lecture on library work. I am in charge of the financial part of the Home. I would say that the Lord has wonderfully supplied all our needs and given us more also. We praise His name.

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SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS

This year marks a total of seventy-five years of teaching for one family in the Mansura Girls' School. You may say, "That is a grand record." To me it is more than a record. It is the answer to prayer.

Two little girls were on their way from their village to Mansura. Here they would take the train to return to their school in Assiut. Outside Mansura the father stopped his donkey, dismounted, and knelt in prayer for his two little girls. His prayer was that they would be trained for the Master's service.

Years passed and the undersigned missionary was sent to take charge of the school in Mansura. She found Sara, one of those little girls, as head teacher. She had finished school and had had a year in the Girls' College in Cairo. With her tactful advice and her sympathetic words, what a help she was to this new missionary! She filled this place with dignity and grace. Many outside activities called for her—Bible teachers' conferences in Tanta, teachers' conferences in Assiut, and her weekly Sabbath School for little street children. When offered a position by her alma mater, Sara turned it down writing, "I have accepted a better position." Cupid had offered her a more attractive place.

Halana, whom many of you heard and learned to know while she was in the States, took on the position as head teacher. A harder-working person would be difficult to find. Her heart went out to those parents who found it difficult to pay the fees. A wider field of service opened up to her. With reluctance she was released from her school.

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Miriam, a younger sister, taught under her two older sisters. She with

Fuad Mikhail, superintendent of Mansura School

her happy disposition soon found her way into the hearts of the little children. She too listened to the call of Cupid.

There were no more Mikhail girls to take the place as head teacher. A brother Fuad, a graduate of Assiut College, had been teaching in our school. The mantle of *nazir* (head teacher in Arabic) fell on his shoulders. He has kept up the family tradition of faithfulness to his task. Recently a new title was given him. He took the place of the superintendent when the missionary retired. The school is now under the Board of Education of the Coptic Evangelical Church in the Nile Valley. This board may be assured that the new superintendent will work with it as he has done with the Mission in the past.

Besides the above titles he is "Sheikh Fuad" (elder) in our church. Here again one finds Fuad loyal and faithful to the position. With all the many school duties he finds time to go calling with his pastor.

The record book shows a total of seventy-five years of teaching given by this family. Were it possible for the father to leave his heavenly home and come down to his earthly home, I am sure he would breathe such a prayer as this, "Thank you, Lord, for the service you have given my children in your vineyard."

Frances Patton

SCHOOL AT LUXOR

You have all read about the catastrophe at Port Said in November 1956 and the great number of refugees from there to all parts of the country. Many came even as far as Luxor and, as a result, our school gained several new pupils, five of whom remained as boarders. The fathers worked at Sinai in an oil company and they lost their homes during the bombing. The children had been in an English Mission school in Suez. With the exit of all the English, the school was taken over by the government and no longer had a boarding department.

In one of the two families are three children, ranging from ten to eighteen years of age, but both girls of the other family are small, one being only eight. These two came in as boarders during Christmas vacation year before last and stayed until school was dismissed in June, without seeing home folks. Again this year there was no trip home or to relatives even at Christmas time. But I have never seen these two homesick except the very first day just after their father left. They are always smilingly happy, and laugh and play or study along with the others.

This year we had two new little non-Christian boarders, one six years old and the other nine. Their families are near enough to visit them frequently. The younger one has had much to learn about telling the truth and omitting bad words. But she has been happy from the first and is improving.

One little six-year-old comes from Cairo with her aunt who is one of our teachers. She has done well from the first, likes house work, and is at the top of her class.

It was a question at first whether we should take so many little girls and it has meant much work for the teachers. But they wanted to do it to increase the enrollment and it has paid off in satisfaction as we watched the children develop.

It was time for the circle of prayer at our Sabbath evening boarders' sing. Chairs occupied by older girls and the floor space taken by the younger ones, all heads bowed sol-

emnly as, one after another, nearly every child in the room offered a prayer.

The two little Greek girls prayed the prayers memorized in Bible class, not altogether understandable by others in the room but entirely intelligible to the loving Father in heaven. Others gave such verses as "God is love," "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son that whosoever believeth on him should have everlasting life," or "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," which I had tried to explain were beautiful words said to people but not given to them to pray to God. But He knew what was in their hearts. Some used prayer verses from the Bible and some prayed in their own words. Only the few non-Christians remained quiet and I somehow imagine they prayed their own prayers silently, for the spirit of prayer was abroad. Then with more songs and the goodnight prayer-song asking God to keep them during the night and waken them in the morning light, the time of fellowship was finished and the children filed out of the room.

What an opportunity to lead these little ones and teach them to pray to God as they talk to their earthly fathers! What a privilege to bow with them in communion before the heavenly Father!

Martha C. Glass

EZBEKIEH PUPILS

Several years ago a group of new missionaries became interested in the niece of their Arabic teacher, not because they knew the niece, but because their teacher was concerned about the girl and anxious for her to have more education than the family was able to provide. She was in the first grade in a little village school and making little progress. The young missionaries offered to finance her for a year in our Ezbekieh Boarding School on trial and if she did well they hoped to be able to continue her education until she should be able to support herself. She came to us, and for many weary months she seemed a sorry investment. She was naughty, lazy, and untidy. She spent nearly as much time in my office as out of it that first year. She seemed utterly uninterested in learning, and chiefly concerned in preventing other people from learning. We labored over her mightily but apparently in vain. No approach seemed to move her. She simply did not care.

At the end of the year when she not only failed in her lessons but had made no noticeable progress in any other way, her sponsors came to us with the question, Should they continue financing her for another year? They did not wish to drop her, particularly because of her aunt's concern for her, but if she were hopeless would it not be advisable to transfer their support to some child who might make better use of her opportunities? I could only say that for my part the only reason I could see for continuing to help her was that I never liked to drop a seemingly hopeless pupil at the end of the first year. They decided to give her another chance with the understanding that if she did not make considerable improvement they would feel compelled to withdraw their support.

She did improve although she continued to give us plenty of headaches. She passed in only fair standing that second year but since then she has improved steadily in every way year by year until now in her senior year in high school she is a satisfactory scholar and a young person of considerable promise. Last year she was the president of the school Christian Endeavor Society, one of the best we have ever had. She has been planning for the last two years to go into training for some Christian service upon her graduation. We hope and pray that nothing may intervene to prevent her doing so. Much pressure can be brought to bear by interested relatives to turn these girls aside from lines of service to God to lives

of service to these same relatives once these girls have enough education to bring some money into the family's empty coffers. Such pressure is being brought to bear now but her aunt and the rest of us who have all these years been concerned for her continue to hope, whatever the future may hold for her, that hers may be a life devoted to the service of the Master whom we feel she now truly desires to serve.

Another girl who has been with us less than two years appeared under very unauspicious circumstances. One morning after school had opened in the fall I started from my office on the first floor to go to the second floor on some errand but stopped at the foot of the stairs in amazement. The screaming I heard surely was not in the school! I glanced out the front door into the street but there seemed nothing unusual there so it must be coming from upstairs. I went on up and just inside the front door of the second floor where Miss Elsie French's office is, I found the source of the disturbance. A child of some eight or nine years was clinging to her father and screaming. It apparently was from sheer fright and not a case of temper tantrums. Presently I got the story. Her father and mother had not lived together for some years. He lived here in Cairo, the mother and child in a village. The father had become concerned because the child was growing up with only such very limited education as the village afforded so decided to bring her to Cairo and put her in boarding school. The child did not know her father and was very much afraid of him. Then to be brought to a strange school with the prospect of having to live there was more than she could face. The result was sheer hysteria. She was beyond explanation or appeal of any sort.

Miss French advised him to take her back home and give her time to become acquainted with him and recover from her terror of him before he tried bringing her back to school. This he did and when he returned with her a few days later she was quiet and resigned, but certainly not happy. In class she made excellent progress in arithmetic but was totally uninterested in her other lessons. At play time she sat on a bench apathetically and showed no interest in play or in the other children, and she never smiled. It was months before she joined in the games but after she once got that far she made rapid progress toward becoming a normal child and I was even pleased to find her occasionally indulging in normal childish naughtiness. By the end of the school year she was enjoying school life. Though for some time after she entered school she wept when the father came to take her home with him for an occasional week-end, this year she seems as ready as the other children to go home when her turn comes, and seems a happy normal school girl. She is doing better in most of her lessons than last year but still makes more progress in arithmetic than in her other lessons. That is most noticeable for with the majority of the children languages come more easily than mathematics of any kind.

Alice Grimes

Message from Tennessee Presbyterial to Negro Secretaries of the WGMS, Past and Present

The Tennessee Presbyterial held its last meeting at Norfolk, Va., on Thursday, Oct. 29, 1958 . . . Some of our time . . . was spent in recollections. Among others, we recalled some of the meetings at which you were present. We remembered how helpful you were to us and what an inspiration you gave us. Many of us recalled personal contacts and kindnesses.

We want you to know that we are not unmindful of the pleasant associations we have had with you, nor are we ungrateful for the service you have rendered us in the past. Our thoughts—personal and collective— are with you . . .

Again we thank you for your helpfulness and ask your continued prayers for us as we go into this new era of our church.

***Mrs. James F. Reese*, President; *Mrs. A. C. Peoples*, Secretary**

Thank Offering

MRS. RUSSELL K. MONTGOMERY, Secretary
9 Pocono Drive, Pittsburgh 20, Pa.

1935 Assembly: "A fine service is being rendered the Church in publishing *The Women's Missionary Magazine* and the *Junior Magazine*."

FUTURE OF THE THANK OFFERING

The United Presbyterian Women's Opportunity Gifts which include the Thank Offering, Honorary Memberships and Associateships, Memorial and Junior Gifts, and the Summer Offering are expressions of special thanksgiving to God. These gifts, over and above women's giving to the regular work of the Church, are divided and designated by each society to National Missions, Christian Education, and Ecumenical Mission and Relations in proportion to the amount needed as indicated in the U.P.W. Goals for Opportunity Giving.

The *Thank Offering* will be received as usual in the fall at either the church or society Thank Offering service or both and will be used for these special projects:

National Missions—Sage Memorial Hospital, counseling services, study fellowship grants.

Christian Education—Graduate fellowships, scholarship grant of $1,000 to each U. P. college.

Ecumenical Mission—Birthday gift to Brazil, buildings, and leadership training fund.

An *Honorary Membership* or *Associateship*, a gift of $50 or more to the Boards or the Commission, with a recognition of some sort that will be sent from the agency receiving the gift, will be used for these special projects:

National Missions—Life service projects in preparation for Christian service.

Christian Education—Life service projects in preparation for Christian service.

Ecumenical Mission—Life service projects in Europe, Asia, Africa, Latin America.

The *Memorial Gift* of any amount may be given to National Missions, Christian Education, or Ecumenical Mission and Relations with due recognition.

The *Junior Gift* of $10 in honor of a child may be given through the United Presbyterian Women's societies to the Boards or the Commission with an appropriate recognition to the child.

The *Summer Offering* will be received from United Presbyterian Women's societies at some time during the summer and will be used for the medical work of National Missions and Ecumenical Mission for these special projects:

National Missions—Case workers, school psychologists, consultations, and aid to ongoing medical work.

Ecumenical Mission—Aid to 58 hospitals overseas, and care of charity patients.

SENIOR LIFE MEMBERS
$25.00 EACH

1062. Mrs. Mildred Killen, Philadelphia, Pa. By a friend.

1063. Mrs. Charles Smith, Philadelphia, Pa. By mother.

1064. Mrs. Wilbur Hurst, Philadelphia, Pa. By mother.

1065. Mrs. Ernest Wright, Philadelphia, Pa. By a friend.

1066. Mrs. Trevor Dunham, Philadelphia, Pa. By a friend.

1067. Mrs. Bertha Dreibelbis, Havertown, Pa. By daughter, Mrs. David Heron.

1068. Mrs. Fred Koble, Philadelphia, Pa. By Mrs. Roy W. Mimm.

1069. Mrs. Roger Beales, Philadelphia, Pa. By Norman E. Pape.

1070. Mrs. Harry M. Graber, Philadelphia, Pa. By Miss Isabelle M. Watson.

1071. Mrs. Harry Deeds, Philadelphia, Pa. Anonymous.

1072. Mrs. Harold McClea, Philadelphia, Pa. Anonymous.

1073. Mrs. Sydney Martin, Philadelphia, Pa. By Mrs. Ellery E. Laum, Jr.

1074. Mrs. George Kane, Philadelphia, Pa. By Fairhill WMS.

1075. Mrs. Nan Dickie, Philadelphia, Pa. By Fairhill WMS.

1076. Mrs. Edith DeMaris, Philadelphia, Pa. By Mr. and Mrs. John Leupold.

1077. Mrs. Annie McFarlane, Philadelphia, Pa. By Mrs. Jeanie Mitchell.

1078. Doris Feret, Philadelphia, Pa. By Mrs. N. Boyd and Mrs. E. Dietrich.

1079. Judy Doerr, Philadelphia, Pa. By a friend.

1080. Sandra Rainey, Philadelphia, Pa. By Misses Bertha and Lillian Kilgus.

1081. Nancy Batula, Philadelphia, Pa. by Mrs. Armour and Mrs. J. Hulton.

1082. Janet Beales, Wynnewood, Pa. By friends.

1083. Anne Fisher, Wynnewood, Pa. By friends.

1084. Judith Ann Shelton, Havertown, Pa. By friends of Wynnewood Church.

1085. Ellen Jane Hendrickson, Penfield, Pa. By friends of Wynnewood Church.

1086. Cheri Ann Martin, Wynnewood, Pa. By friends.

1087. Joanne Hoffman, Wynnewood, Pa. By friends.

1088. Beverly DeCurtis, Wynnewood, Pa. By friends.

1089. Diana Bevan, Wynnewood, Pa. By friends.

1090. Mrs. Jennie Ferguson, Philadelphia, Pa. By a friend.

1091. Mrs. Hazel Nabor, Philadelphia, Pa. By a friend.

1092. Ruth McElroy, Washington, D. C. By a friend.

1093. Margaret M. Hill, Hyattsville, Md. By Mabel L. Sawhill.

1094. Mrs. Ethel Masisak, Fairless Hills, Pa. By her husband.

1095. Mrs. Eleanor Phipps, Drexel Hill, Pa. By Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cummings.

1096. Mrs. Janet Boyette, Media, Pa. Anonymous.

1097. Mrs. John Bosler, Upper Darby, Pa. By Mrs. Roy E. Grace.

1098. Mrs. Marion Solomon, Upper Darby, Pa. By Mrs. Roy E. Grace.

1099. Mrs. Mary E. Mazurick, Takoma Park, Md. By her parents.

1100. Mrs. Anne Diem, Philadelphia, Pa. By Mrs. Jean Hinkle.

1101. Mrs. Robert L. Taylor, Washington, D. C. Anonymous.

1102. Miss Margaret Kauffman, Washington, D. C. Anonymous.

1103. Miss Helen Hughes, Washington, D. C. By Mrs. W. A. Winkelhaus.

1104. Mrs. Raymond Roberts, Camden, Ohio. By a friend.

1105. Mrs. Lyle Paxton, Camden, Ohio. By a friend.

1106. Mrs. H. Vincent Wright, Liberty, Ind. By Mrs. Roy Wright.

1107. Mrs. Harold Agee, Hamilton, Ohio. By Mrs. Stanley Kapp's S.S. Class.

1108. Mrs. Frieda Kampmiller, Hamilton, Ohio. By a friend.

1109. Mrs. Fred Lacy, Hamilton, Ohio. By Women's Missionary Society.

1110. Mrs. Sherman Lingler, Hamilton, Ohio. By W. B. Caldwell, D.D.S.

1111. Mrs. Charles Pfotzer, in memoriam. By her husband, Mr. Charles Pfotzer.

1112. Mrs. Earl Sauer, in memoriam. By her daughter, Mrs. Don Fetter.

1113. Mrs. Charles Eyler, Hamilton, Ohio. By Dorothy Rankin Missionary Society.

1114. Mrs. Ora Mynhier, Ezel, Ky. By Jeanette C. Alter Society.

1115. Mrs. Geneva McGuire, Ezel, Ky. By Miss Elizabeth Newcomb.

1116. Miss Dorothy Ann Heagen, Ezel, Ky. By her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William A. Heagen.

1117. Mrs. Russell Richeson, Richmond, Ind. By a friend.

1118. Miss Joan L. Youst, Richmond, Ind. By Mrs. William Willson.

1119. Mrs. Minnie Smith, Richmond, Ind. By Mrs. Harland Smith.

1120. Mrs. Ralph Bell, Richmond, Ind. By a friend.

1121. Mrs. William Willson, Jr., Richmond, Ind. By a friend.

1122. Mrs. Hazel Thorne, Richmond, Ind. By a friend.

1123. Mrs. Russell Richeson, Richmond, Ind. By a friend.

1124. Mrs. William Cumback, Richmond, Ind. By a friend.

1125. Mrs. John Longstreth, Richmond, Ind. By a friend.

1126. Mrs. Clarence Runyon, Richmond, Ind. By Mrs. Paul Mendenhall.

1127. Mrs. Harold Tiemann, Richmond, Ind. By a friend.

1128. Mrs. Jerome Schulz, Middletown, Ohio. By WMS.

1129. Mrs. Elsie Randall, Middletown, Ohio. By Women's Missionary Society.

1130. Mrs. Pearl Shows. By her husband, Mr. Hulon Shows.

1131. Mrs. Edith Orebaugh. By Corinth Guild.

1132. Mrs. Laveda Caudel, Frenchburg, Ky. By a friend.

1133. Mrs. Mildred Williams, Frenchburg, Ky. By a friend.

1134. Mrs. Barbara Irelan, Dayton, Ohio. By Florence Mabon Circle.

1135. Mrs. Hazel M. Crozier, Dayton, Ohio. By friends in the WMS.

1136. Miss Bernice MacWhorter, Dayton, Ohio. By Dr. and Mrs. Vernon Butler.

1137. Mrs. Grace Eppler, Monroe, Ohio. By a friend.

1138. Mrs. William Haylett, Sandy Lake, Pa. By North Sandy WMS.

1139. Mrs. Merrill Hastings, Sandy Lake, Pa. By North Sandy WMS.

1140. Mrs. Valaise Gruber, Kennard, Pa. By Kennard M. Holland Circle.

1141. Mrs. Howard Green, Kennard, Pa. By Kennard M. Holland Circle.

1142. Mrs. Elwin Rhodes, Kennard, Pa. By Mrs. Ethel Inks.

1143. Mrs. Myron Kerr, Oil City, Pa. By Miss Alice E. Mitchell.

1144. Mrs. W. E. Bush, Linesville, Pa. By Mr. W. E. Bush and sons Ronald and Robert Bush.

1145. Mrs. Olive McEntire, Adamsville, Pa. By her daughter, Mrs. Mildred Moore.

1146. Mrs. John M. Andrews, Adamsville, Pa. By her husband.

1147. Miss Mary Christine, Oil City, Pa. By a friend.

1148. Mrs. Mae Culbertson, Meadville, Pa. By Mrs. Martha Woodworth.

1149. Mrs. Given Hall, Meadville, Pa. By Mayme B. McMichael Missionary Society.

1150. Mrs. Lily Wilkenson, Meadville, Pa. By Mayme B. McMichael Missionary Society.

1151. Mrs. Eustace Booher, Sandy Lake, Pa. By Mrs. Paul Miller.

1152. Mrs. Robert McQuaid, Sandy Lake, Pa. By Mr. and Mrs. John Brest.

1153. Mrs. Homer Amon, Sandy Lake, Pa. By Mrs. Earl Henderson.

1154. Mrs. Eli Clayton, Sandy Lake, Pa. By Mrs. Helen Clayton.

1155. Mrs. Merlin Clayton, Sandy Lake, Pa. By Mr. and Mrs. Glen Snyder.

1156. Mrs. Eleanor H. Turben, Hartstown, Pa. By Hazlett Missionary Society.

1157. Mrs. Gladys Groover, Greenville, Pa. By Mr. and Mrs. P. R. McDonald.

1158. Miss Patti Hill, Greenville, Pa. By Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lanfried.

1159. Miss Nancy Reichard, Greenville, Pa. By Mary Reed and Jean Oakes.

1160. Miss Mary McQuaid, Sandy Lake, Pa. By Adult S.S. Class.

1161. Miss Lois Ebbert, Sandy Lake, Pa. By Ann Ebbert.

1162. Miss Marilyn Smith, Meadville, Pa. By Mary and Martha Circle.

1163. Miss Patricia Wilkinson, Conneaut Lake, Pa. By Esther Missionary Circle.

1164. Mrs. Ralph Arnold, Amsterdam, N.Y. By Women's Missionary Society.

1165. Mrs. Maud Keenan, Barnet, Vt. By herself.

1166. Mrs. Elaine Myers, Sharon, Pa. By Myrtle Anna Missionary Society.

1167. Mrs. Mary V. Guy, New Castle, Pa. By her husband, Mr. Scott Guy.

1168. Mary Lucinda Mitcheltree, in memoriam. By Elizabeth Harsha Missionary Society.

1169. Mrs. J. Domer Heckathorn, New Wilmington, Pa. By Mrs. John H. Ammon.

1170. Mrs. John Hicks, New Wilmington, Pa. By Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Brownlee.

1171. Mrs. James Smith, New Wilmington, Pa. By Mrs. Thomas Sarver.

1172. Mrs. Pauline Brown, New Wilmington, Pa. By Miss Elizabeth McCalmont.

1173. Mrs. H. D. DeWitt, New Wilmington, Pa. By Mrs. Thomas R. Sarver.

1174. Miss Mary Louise Woods, New Wilmington, Pa. By Mrs. Robert Woods.

1175. Miss Myrtle Clements, in memoriam. By a friend.

1176. Mrs. Woodrow Cole, Sr., New Wilmington, Pa. By Helen Artman Willing Workers.

1177. Mrs. Major Graham, Mercer, Pa. By a friend.

1178. Mrs. Edna Buchanon, Mercer, Pa. By Mrs. Paul T. Hope.

1179. Mrs. W. T. McCoy, Mercer, Pa. By Miss Amy Mawhir in memory of Miss Carrie Eagleson.

1180. Mrs. Lavenda Lee, Sharon, Pa. By Mrs. George Nye.

1181. Miss Nellie Boies, Sharon, Pa. By friends.

1182. Mrs. Alex Frew, Farrell, Pa. By her husband, Mr. Alex Frew.

1183. Mrs. Thomas Hogue, West Middletown, Pa. By Women's Missionary Society.

1184. Mrs. Rose Sangster, Tulsa, Okla. By Mrs. Roy Pringle.

1185. Mrs. Joyce Lipsey, Tulsa, Okla. By a friend.

1186. Mrs. Shirley Culbertson, Tulsa, Okla. By De Loris Anderson.

1187. Mrs. Marjorie Blake, Tulsa, Okla. By a friend.

1188. Mrs. Glenys Shearer, Tulsa, Okla. By Mr. and Mrs. Don Sale.

1189. Mrs. Lewis Beals, Tulsa, Okla. By Mr. and Mrs. Don Sale.

1190. Mrs. Eleanor Swetnam, Tulsa, Okla. By Mrs. Maude Voorheis.

1191. Mrs. Daisy Stout, Tulsa, Okla. By friends.

1192. Mrs. Rose Ausburn, Tulsa, Okla. By Mrs. R. E. Ausburn.

1193. Mrs. Nellie Bell, Cambridge, N.Y. Anonymous.

1194. Mrs. Rachel Carpenter, Cambridge, N.Y. By a friend.

1195. Mrs. Louise Pye, Cambridge, N.Y. By a friend.

1196. Miss Emma B. Alexander, Cambridge, N.Y.

1197. Mrs. James H. Robertson, Greenwich, N.Y. By Pearl M. Robertson.

1198. Mrs. Eugene Thompson, Sewickley, Pa. By Mrs. Claude Buckley and Mrs. Paul Montgomery.

1199. Mrs. Don S. Grove, Sewickley, Pa. By Mrs. Edward Brant and Mrs. Ralph Groetzinger.

1200. Mrs. Victor Ferbas, Sewickley, Pa. By Day Circle of WCS and Mrs. Eugene Thompson.

1201. Mrs. Ruth Goodrich, Gibsonia, Pa. By her sister Sue.

1202. Joan Roberta Eberhard, Pittsburgh, Pa. By Mrs. Robert B. Nelson.

1203. Mrs. Mary B. Kier, Avalon, Pa. By a friend.

1204. Thomas Bruce Wilmoth, Pittsburgh, Pa. By Mrs. Helen Milne Wilmoth.

1205. Mrs. Richard E. Morrow, Gibsonia, Pa. By Helen, Dorothy and Erma Morrow.

1206. Mrs. Waldo P. Anderson, Gibsonia, Pa. By her family.

1207. Mrs. A. W. Haberlein, Gibsonia, Pa. By her husband.

1208. Mrs. Richard T. Bagaley, Gibsonia, Pa. By Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur T. Donaldson.

1209. Mrs. Ross Davis, Ben Avon, Pa. By a friend.

1210. Mrs. Evelyn Koehler, Ben Avon, Pa., in memory of Mrs. Ethel Koehler.

1211. Mrs. R. V. McCreight, Aledo, Ill. By her sister, Mrs. J. C. Downing.

1212. Mrs. Dagmar Hagan, Aledo, Ill. By Women's Missionary Society.

1213. Mrs. Eleanor Nyboer, Moline, Ill. By Mrs. Fannie Bailey.

1214. Dorothy Wallace Lukens, Rock Island, Ill. By Dorothy E. Lukens.

1215. Dorothy Koehler, Ainsworth, Iowa. Anonymous.

1216. Mabel Gesling, Ainsworth, Iowa. By Irene Burmeister.

1217. Helen Kilgore, Ainsworth, Iowa. By her mother, Irene Burmeister.

1218. Mrs. Ted Wood, Ainsworth, Iowa. By a friend.

1219. Miss Emma Bindel, Keokuk, Iowa. By Women's Missionary Society.

1220. Mrs. Marion George, Washington, Iowa. By her family.

1221. Mrs. W. H. Davidson, Stanwood, Iowa. By her husband.

1222. Mrs. H. J. Hoyman, Stanwood, Iowa. By Mrs. Fred Davidson.

1223. Mrs. Marcia Hunt, Nampa, Idaho. By a friend.

1224. Mrs. Wayne R. Chapman, Nampa, Idaho. By Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Lantz and Dorothy Lantz.

1225. Mrs. Charles K. Pilant, Nampa, Idaho. By Norma, Doris, and Margaret Weaver.

1226. Mrs. Alice McCain, Nampa, Idaho. By Norma, Doris, and Margaret Weaver.

1227. Mrs. Alice Edison, Idaho. By Mrs. Hazel Wilde.

1228. Mrs. H. M. Voter, Idaho. By Mrs. Clifford Wilde.

1229. Mrs. Lucian Hamilton, Idaho. By a friend.

1230. Mrs. Frances Kudebh, Idaho. By Women's Bible Class.

1231. Mrs. C. C. Hamilton, Idaho. By Mrs. Clarence E. Weaver.

1232. Mrs. Ethel Leininger, Ontario, Ore. By Women's Missionary Society.

1233. Mrs. Bertha Staples, Ontario, Ore. By Women's Missionary Society.

1234. Mrs. Arthur Hiemstra, Ontario, Ore. By Women of the Evening Society.

1235. Mrs. Dean Copeland, Weiser, Idaho. By Mrs. John Warren.

1236. Mrs. J. M. Fisher, Weiser, Idaho. By Mrs. George Dunsmoor.

1237. Mrs. Margaret Bates, Telluride, Colo. By Rev. Forrest E. Bates.

1238. Miss Florence Wright, Telluride, Colo. By Mrs. C. J. Schuler.

1239. Mrs. Margaret Hoy, Bovina Center, N. Y. By a cousin.

1240. Mrs. Owen W. Richardson, Walton, N. Y. By a friend.

1241. Mrs. Margaret Honeywell, Walton, N. Y. By West Brook Missionary Society.

1242. Mrs. A. B. Reynolds, Oneonta, N. Y. By friends.

1243. Mrs. Laura Turner, Davenport, N. Y. By WMS.

1244. Arlene Holloway, Andes, N. Y. By Girls' Circle.

1245. Miss Edna Covert, Walton, N. Y. By Mrs. Mabel Vantran.

1246. Mrs. Adelbert Moore, Walton, N. Y. By friends.

1247. Mrs. Tracy Neish, Walton, N. Y. By Mrs. Henry Little.

1248. Miss Mary Combs, Walton, N. Y. By friends.

1249. Mrs. Amasa Seaman, Walton, N. Y. By a friend.

1250. Mrs. Francis Jones, Walton, N. Y. By a friend.

1251. Mrs. Dorothy Ruff, Hamden, N. Y. By her society.

1252. Mrs. Arthur Deter, Hamden, N. Y. By her society.

1253. Mrs. Edmund Calhoun, Delancy, N. Y. By a friend.

1254. Mrs. Robert Beardslee, Walton, N. Y. By Mundale WMS.

1255. Mrs. Dorothy Russell, Bovina Center, N. Y. By friends.

1256. Mrs. Thelma Barlow, Bovina Center, N. Y. By friends.

1257. Mrs. Victoria Dinick, Reinbeck, Iowa. By Susie Young Missionary Society.

1258. Mrs. John Morrow, Reinbeck, Iowa. By her husband.

1259. Mrs. David A. Niel, Sr., Reinbeck, Iowa. By Mr. and Mrs. Russell G. Lamb.

1260. Mary Niel, Reinbeck, Iowa. By Mrs. Glen Owens.

1261. Mrs. Ralph D. Campbell, Waterloo, Iowa. By J. Y. Campbell.

1262. Elizabeth Westra, Boyden, Iowa. By Lillian McConnell Missionary Society.

1263. Miss Jennie Winter, Clarion, Iowa. By Women's Missionary Society.

1264. Mrs. Mary Lou Lash, Garner, Iowa. By Mrs. George Farquhar.

1265. Mrs. Madeline Trotter, Goldfield, Iowa. By Mrs. May Rasmussen.

1266. Mrs. Roy Scott, Reinbeck, Iowa. By Mrs. Ralph Moore.

1267. Mrs. Arlene Miller, Reinbeck, Iowa. By Mrs. Minnie Raum.

1268. Mrs. Kate Copley, Reinbeck, Iowa. By Women's Missionary Society.

1269. Mrs. Vern Dau Schmidt, Traer, Iowa. By Mrs. William Henderson, Lois, and Agnes.

1270. Mrs. Genevieve Longanecker, Waterloo, Iowa. By a friend.

1271. Mrs. Jessie McPherson, Laurel, Pa. By Guinston WMS.

1272. Miss Ruth McClure, Laurel, Pa. By Guinston WMS.

1273. Mrs. J. D. McCullough, Newville, Pa. By Mrs. Luther Bowman.

1274. Mrs. David Bookwalter, Lewistown, Pa. By Willing Workers' Class.

1275. Mrs. Larry Treaster, Lewistown, Pa. By Mrs. Esther Rowles.

1276. Mrs. Thomas E. Stewart, York, Pa. By friends.

1277. Mrs. Michael Rauzan, York, Pa. By friends.

1278. Mrs. David Kendall, Tannery, Pa. By Miss Rhoda E. Kendall.

1279. Mrs. Ida Perman, Mansfield, Ohio. By Ella Montgomery Guild.

1280. Mrs. Lula M. Conneway, Canton, Ohio. By Tomaseck Society.

1281. Mrs. Homer Fulton, Canton, Ohio. By Mrs. Carl Bernot.

1282. Miss Carol Grunau, Canton, Ohio. By Mr. and Mrs. William W. Whitlatch.

1283. Mrs. Gilbert Shepard, Canton, Ohio. By Mrs. Walter McPerry.

1284. Mrs. Hewetson H. Ault, Canton, Ohio. By Mrs. Robert G. Ewing.

1285. Mrs. French McCormick, Fresno, Ohio. By Miss Clara Levy.

1286. Mrs. Clarence Maurer, Fresno, Ohio. By friends.

1287. Mrs. Zoe Brown, Mansfield, Ohio. By a friend.

1288. Miss Diane Robenstine, Mansfield, Ohio. By parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Robenstine.

1289. Mrs. George Zimmer, Canton, Ohio. By Daugherty Missionary Society.

1290. Miss Gweneth Porter, Canton, Ohio. By Daugherty Missionary Society.

1291. Mrs. Linus Haymon, Canton, Ohio. By Mary Martha Circle.

1292. Mrs. Annabelle Dyer, Americus, Kan. By Women's Missionary Society.

1293. Miss Fern Finney, Americus, Kan. By Women's Missionary Society.

1294. James Robert Irwin, Amoret, Mo. By self.

1295. Mrs. Crea M. Clark, Garnett, Kan. By Garnett Women's Association.

1296. William Henry Irwin, Pittsburg, Kan. By Rev. and Mrs. J. Walter Irwin.

1297. Mrs. George Loudderback, Pittsburg, Kan. By Berean Guild Missionary Society.

1298. Mrs. Laurence Leonard, Pittsburg, Kan. By Mrs. L. W. Payden.

1299. Mrs. Kenneth Gibson, Pittsburg, Kan. By Mrs. Nelle Wells.

1300. Miss Barbara Hosier, Pittsburg, Kan. By Mrs. Robert Bittner.

1301. Miss Sandra Ellis, Pittsburg, Kan. By Mrs. E. E. Caylor.

1302. Mrs. Lucille English, Topeka, Kan. By a friend.

1303. Mrs. Lila Yantis, Topeka, Kan. By Mrs. Freda Montgomery.

1304. Mrs. William H. Douglas, Sr., Topeka, Kan. By Miss Ona Tweedy.

1305. Mrs. Elaine Varland, Prairie Village, Kan. By a friend.

1306. Mrs. Laura Richmond, Prairie Village, Kan. By a friend.

1307. Mrs. Nona Leasure, Bellaire, Ohio. By Mrs. Laurajane L. Burda.

1308. Mrs. F. B. Grove, Cadiz, Ohio. By friends.

1309. Mrs. A. O. McFarlan, Cadiz, Ohio. By friends.

1310. Mrs. John Gros, Cadiz, Ohio. By friends.

1311. Mrs. John G. Mitchell, Martins Ferry, Ohio. By her family.

1312. Eleanor Belyk, Warnock, Ohio. By Dr. and Mrs. F. W. Montgomery.

1313. Mrs. W. W. Dunlap, Moundsville, W. Va. By Dr. and Mrs. R. W. Caldwell.

1314. Mrs. Dale Barney, Triadelphia, W. Va. By Mr. and Mrs. John F. Gray.

1315. Mrs. W. Glenn Craig, Triadelphia, W. Va. By Mr. W. Glenn Craig.

1316. Mrs. Arthur Williams, St. Clairsville, Ohio. By Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Henderson.

1317. Mrs. Virgil Brown, St. Clairsville, Ohio. By Dr. and Mrs. Frank Montgomery.

1318. Miss Alverna Coffield, St. Clairsville, Ohio. By Mrs. J. A. Lester.

1319. Mrs. Ralph Giffin, St. Clairsville, Ohio. By Mr. and Mrs. Alex Fodor.

1320. Mrs. Donald G. Huston, St. Clairsville, Ohio. By her mother, Mrs. Roy W. Lewis.

1321. Mrs. Campsie Crossland, St. Clairsville, Ohio. By Mrs. Preston W. Ault.

1322. Mrs. Anna G. Willerton, St. Clairsville, Ohio. By her son, Harold Willerton.

1323. Mrs. Thomas B. Hepner, St. Clairsville, Ohio. By friends.

1324. Mrs. Fred S. Gellar, St. Clairsville, Ohio. By Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Ferguson.

1325. Mrs. John B. Dickerson, St. Clairsville, Ohio. By a friend.

1326. Mrs. Leroy Miller, St. Clairsville, Ohio. By a friend.

1327. Mrs. Robert J. Hull, Wheeling, W. Va. By Mrs. C. H. Wheeler.

1328. Mrs. J. E. McCutcheon, Wheeling W. Va. By Rev. and Mrs. A. H. Webster.

1329. Mrs. P. J. Melnik, Wheeling, W. Va. By friends.

1330. Miss Sally White, Wheeling, W. Va. By Mrs. C. H. Wheeler.

1331. Mrs. Laurajane Burda, Shadyside, Ohio. By Mrs. Jeannette Johnson.

1332. Mrs. Maybelle Aldridge, Washburn, Ill. By a friend.

1333. Mrs. Elizabeth Iunker, Washburn, Ill. By Missionary Aid.

1334. Sheryl Painter, Kirkwood, Ill. By Mrs. W. J. Turnbull.

1335. Linda Hutchison, Kirkwood, Ill. By Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Hutchison.

1336. Mrs. Joe Woods, Monmouth, Ill. By Eva D. Huey Missionary Society.

1337. Mrs. Harold Gallup, Sparland, Ill. By Women's Missionary Society.

1338. Mrs. Marshall Moore, Monmouth, Ill. By Sugar Tree Grove WMS.

1339. Betty Ann Courtney, Monmouth, Ill. By Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bunn.

1340. Mrs. Roy E. Lindahl, Monmouth, Ill. By Mrs. Robert M. Woods, Jr.

1341. Mrs. Charles Turner, Sr., Monmouth, Ill. By Mrs. Forrest Struthers.

1342. Mrs. Belva Hays, Cartter, Ill. By Mrs. Helen Hanes.

1343. Mrs. Wallace J. Beard, Sparta, Ill. By Sparta Lamplighters.

1344. Mrs. Hugo Schick, St. Louis, Mo. By Mrs. Jacob Lashley.

1345. Miss Anna Schram, St. Louis, Mo. By Mrs. Jacob Lashley.

1346. Mrs. R. M. Storer, St. Louis, Mo. By Mrs. Robert Patterson.

1347. Mrs. Barney Leykam, in memoriam. By her Circle, Senne McKee.

1348. Mrs. Walter Henderson, Coulterville, Ill. By Tilden Women's Missionary Society.

1349. Mrs. Glenn Baird, Marissa, Ill. By a friend.

1350. Miss Jackie Seele, Marissa, Ill. By Don McClure Teen-Age Society.

1351. Mrs. Elsie High, Sparta, Ill. By Lois Boyd Circle.

1352. Mrs. Clifford Prest, Marissa, Ill. By Willing Workers.

1353. Mrs. Robert Hayes, Sparta, Ill. By Women's Missionary Society.

1354. Mrs. Amy McLaughlin, Sparta, Ill. By Women's Missionary Society.

1355. Mrs. Jennie Hill, Coulterville, Ill. By Society and her children.

1356. Mrs. Hattie Clayton, Richmond Heights, Mo. By friends.

1357. Mrs. Ernst Huff, Marissa, Ill. By a friend.

1358. Mrs. Rolland Canning, Marissa, Ill. By Mrs. Frank Irwin.

1359. Mrs. William Schattgen, in memoriam. By Grace Schattgen.

1360. Mrs. Jean Bothel, Spokane, Wash. By Anna McNeel Circle.

1361. Miss Lulu B. Cassill, Spokane, Wash. By a friend in Anna McNeel Circle.

1362. Mrs. Gayle Kiehn, Spokane, Wash. By Nellie Rudser, WMS.

1363. Mrs. Vern B. Munday, Spokane, Wash. By Women's Missionary Society.

1364. Mrs. R. J. Warner, Spokane, Wash. By Women's Missionary Society.

1365. Mrs. L. E. Snyder, Washtucna, Wash. By two friends.

1366. Bessie S. Allen, Washtucna, Wash. By her husband, Amos Allen.

1367. Diana S. Stoess, Washtucna, Wash. By her husband, Ernest G. Stoess.

1368. Dorothy Haase, Washtucna, Wash. By Women's Missionary Society.

The treasurer's office of the Women's General Missionary Society will remain open to receive contributions until the end of its fiscal year, Jan. 31, 1959. Checks should be made payable to the Women's General Missionary Society. After an audit has been completed, the office will be closed.

Provision has been made, however, for the legal continuance of the Women's General Missionary Society as a corporation to accept bequests or handle other business. According to the action of the 1958 General Assembly, the membership of the Board of Directors of the WGMS will be identical with the membership of the Executive Committee of United Presbyterian Women. The Executive Committee has elected the following as officers of the Board of Directors of the WGMS: Mrs. Edwin B. Hurrell, president; Mrs. G. I. G. Shambaugh, vice president; Miss Edith L. McBane, secretary; and Miss Evlyn W. Fulton, treasurer. Their terms will begin Feb. 1, 1959. Correspondence regarding business matters connected with the WGMS may be addressed to Miss Evlyn W. Fulton, Room 327, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y., or to Miss Edith L. McBane, 1430 Alabama Avenue, Pittsburgh 16, Pa.

Mountain and Presbyterial Missions

MRS. FRED M. BLICK, Secretary
R. D. No. 4, Kimlyn Rd., Irwin, Pa.

Wallace N. Jamison in *The United Presbyterian Story*: "Through these media (WGMS publications) the mission work of the Church became as familiar to church women as the activities of the local congregation, and as a consequence missions flourished."

KENTUCKY WORK TODAY

A NOTE FROM EZEL

Ezel School's many friends may be glad to have a brief report from the past few months as she continues under new management. The transition was made in such a quiet spirit of understanding and cooperation that Ezel School, for thirty-three years sponsored by the WGMS of the United Presbyterian Church of North America, became Ezel School under full ownership and direction of the Morgan County (Kentucky) Board of Education with little fanfare and with the good will of all concerned.

A questionnaire this summer to all the parents of our school children revealed that their desire was that the school continue as it has been conducted. All but five of last year's staff remained in the work. One former staff member also returned to teach with us. The first two months of school showed an increased enrollment of over 30 in the 12 grades, making a total of 489 boys and girls.

Miss Marilyn Tague has been retained as Bible teacher by a local committee. This too is the desire of the parents who answered our questionnaire. We are glad that the teaching of Bible may continue in our school on released-time basis for all those children whose parents wish it. To support this Bible program we are operating our used clothing store. This also helps many of our school families meet their needs as well as providing the salary of our Bible teacher.

We have been assured by our State Department of Education that we remain fully accredited and our school is rendering an "invaluable service to the boys and girls of Morgan County."

We are thankful for the support we have had from the women of the Church during the years past. We welcome your continued interest and financial support. Your gifts of used clothing will help us continue to provide Bible teaching in our school and we trust you will not forget this need.

We covet your prayers for our school and staff members as we continue to provide the very best for our boys and girls that they may grow in "wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man."

William A. Heagen

NEW ADMINISTRATOR AT FRENCHBURG

Rev. H. Glenn Stephens has taken up the duty of director for the United Presbyterian Center at Frenchburg, Ky. Mr. Stephens was superintendent of the Frenchburgh School from June 15, 1932, to Aug. 1, 1941. Since that time he spent nine years as pastor of the United Presbyterian Church at Reynoldsburg, Ohio, and eight years as pastor of the South Frankfort Presbyterian Church in Frankfort, Ky.

Adrian Wells, who preceded Mr. Stephens as director, resigned the position to take up work with the Department of Economic Security of Kentucky.

FRENCHBURG NEWS

"Transition" is the most apt term to describe the situation at Frenchburg during these days in the latter months of 1958. There is the transition of denominational responsibility for the work. The transition from a school program to a program for the care of the aged is continuing. There is a transition from the direction of one administrator to another.

In the midst of all these transitions the ministry of the Frenchburg Mission continues. Ten residents are occupying the former Teachers' Home, which is the first unit of residence for senior citizens. Five

(*Continued on Page* 988)

The Teens

MRS. JOHN E. WUNDERLEY, Secretary
805 Willman Ave., East McKeesport, Pa.

1934 Assembly: "We commend *The Women's Missionary Magazine* to all of our homes as an aid to an intelligent comprehension of our missionary operations."

GO FORWARD!

The instructions God gave to Moses at the time of the Exodus from Egypt can have great meaning and impact to the Teen-Age Department of the WGMS at this period of transition. As God told Moses to speak to the children of Israel "that they *go forward,*" likewise may I admonish each and every one of the 3,194 Teen-Agers that you *"Go Forward"* in future mission activity and service. First of all, in obedience to the command of the Master to "Go . . . and tell." This is that mandatory and inescapable request of our Lord!

Obedience to the command of taking the never-changing message often finds us faced with new methods, means, and avenues of accomplishing the task.

It was a giant step of faith that God was asking Moses to command the children of Israel to take, for their going forward literally meant stepping into the Red Sea! As you emerge from the accustomed organizational framework prescribed by the WGMS into a new organizational setup and planning under the Board of Christian Education, may you strive to *"Go Forward"* with faith and courage.

On the other side of the Red Sea they later fell heir to the Promised Land! It was a land of their very own, rich in abundance of provisions and sheltered by God's omnipotent presence. Even though there was conquering still to be done they were *"Going Forward"* to God's command.

GO FORWARD, TEENS. GO FORWARD TO TELL! YOU ARE GOD'S INSTRUMENTS FOR TOMORROW'S REAPING!

F —First, because of Christ's command "Go . . . and tell."

O —Over the world—empty hands reach out!

R —Reapers are needed! Youthful reapers to replace missionaries who have given all.

W —Wages are "crowns of rejoicing."

A —Always, *"I am with you!"*

R —Rapidly—the time of "open doors" to Christ's Gospel message may soon be over.

D —Destructive principalities and powers and rulers of the darkness of this world seek to hinder the cause of Jesus Christ.

!

* * * *

As Teen-Age Secretary of the WGMS, may I thank all of you—members, sponsors, and Presbyterial Secretaries—for the part you played in the Teen-Age work. I have been aware of your labors and your earnest desires for the success of the Department's work on each level. It has been a real pleasure to work with and for you in the capacity of Teen-Age Secretary.

Mrs. John E. Wunderley

Letters or packages for the work among the Navaho Indians (see article on next page) should be plainly marked for either Rev. and Mrs. Fred Patterson, Kayenta United Presbyterian Mission, Kayenta, Ariz., or for Rev. and Mrs. David F. Gordon, Oljato Christian Mission, (post office address) Kayenta, Ariz. Please do not confuse the two stations.

Indian Missions

MRS. WALLACE G. McGEOCH
266 Second St., Leechburg, Pa.

1937 Assembly: "We would commend the Board . . . upon its ability, during these depression times, to continue the publication, without deficit, of its excellent magazines and periodicals."

THE LORD STILL WORKS

DAVID F. GORDON

It has been a little over a year since the Fred Pattersons left for the mission at Kayenta. Here at Oljato it has been a full year with some change to fit the new mission family and changing times. It has also been a very gratifying year with many advances. Shortly after the Pattersons left, Billy Chee approached us to ask if he could go to Bible School. We had hoped that someone would feel led to go, but had hardly expected it. ("O ye of little faith.") He was a few days late getting started, but did very well in his studies. When he returned in the spring, he was really on fire for the Lord. Having learned to read his own tongue, he was able to make visits on some of the people around here and give them the Gospel. Usually he would take along Tom Madison, one of our other Christians. His ability to ready Navaho has stimulated the desire in others, also.

Last Hallowe'en, there were a good many families living at the post. The trader and his wife thought it would be a nice thing if we could have a party. The church was used and all, both Navaho and white, seemed to enjoy the costumes, games, and refreshments, except for our two oldest children who were terrified at the masks. The party will not likely be repeated this year, for the trader's wife is having to live in Flagstaff while her daughter is in school there and most of the other families have moved.

One of the additions in mission events was our pot-luck dinner on Thanksgiving. It was a spontaneous affair which worked out very well with everyone bringing something. Following the food we had a brief message including the Thanksgiving Story and an up-to-date analogy followed by prayers. The people seemed to enjoy it very much and would like to have another this year.

One of our changes was the Christmas celebration. It had been decided the year before that it would be better if those who came for the service came to hear the message primarily, rather than because there was to be a feast and bundles were to be distributed. Therefore we gave out the bundles before the day of the service and did away with the meal. Instead we had only light refreshments following the service at which the attendance was about 50.

In the spring we inaugurated a new method of distributing clothing. The Pattersons in Kayenta had held a clothing sale and had done very well. Cecil Todechenee had been there to see how it was done and had liked the idea so we tried the same thing with very good results. The sales have been carried on since with fair results. Previously we had held the sale on set days, but that does not seem to work out too well, so whenever the people come, they can look over the things and buy. At first we used the money to buy school clothes, but since the children have all gone to school, we have been saving up the proceeds to rent good films.

The first of February, David Irwin began work here. He was to get as much of the church completed as possible by the time he left for seminary again in the fall. Shortly after he arrived he was in charge of a week's work camp which finished most of the benches and put part of the preservative on the outside of the church. From the middle of May to the end of June he was the missionary here. He did a good job of keeping up with

the mission correspondence as well as visiting and holding services. When we returned from vacation, he went back to the work on the church and the painting of the inside of the house. About the middle of August, the Bob Woods from New Wilmington, Pa., visited us for about a week and the rest of the work on the church was completed by the end of August. Now there remains to put in the kitchen and a cabinet for storage and the whole thing will be done.

This year again a month was spent in language school. It was profitable both spiritually as well as linguistically. While Dave was at school, Marge was working feverishly on school clothes bundles. By the end of August she had made up over 130 bundles for as many children. All but about 15 of them went to school. This average is better than last year's and the children went sooner than last year, too.

Our camp meeting was held the middle of August this year and seemed to be a very good one. Our main speaker was Peter Yazzie, a wheelchair case from south of Farmington, N. M. There was an average attendance of 35 at each of the three services for the three days. The two meals we served a day were a time of good fellowship for all. We were thrilled to see two whole families come forward during the meetings for the first time besides some others who were making reprofession. A total of 10 new people made stands for the Lord.

Shortly after the camp meeting we took the Bible School students to Cortez, Colo. This time instead of only the two from last year, the Billy Chees, there were three others—one couple, the Tom Madisons, and one single girl, Jo Anna Salt. We are thrilled that these have seen fit to go and though the church attendance for the winter will be down, next summer will have more and effective workers.

There are two cripples here who must spend most of their time lying on their backs. Last winter I mentioned to one of them that we should like to help him get started in leather work if he were willing. He said he was and this fall the Lord has sent a man who is capable and willing to teach them. The lessons will start soon. Both men seem very appreciative of the opportunity to learn.

We were pleased the other day to find out that the Navahos do appreciate all the work that goes into getting the clothes ready for distribution. One day while taking a sick person over to the doctor, we had time to talk and she said that Marge must be very tired having to keep this big house and take care of three small children as well as doing all the work of sorting and making up clothing bundles. She also mentioned that it was nice that Marge's mother could be here to help. Now she is gone to Ganado as associate boys' house mother. This has been a wonderful year and the Lord has blessed greatly the work here at Oljato.

". . . Ebenezer, . . . Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." I Sam 7:12c

FRENCHBURG NEWS

(*Continued from Page* 985)

nursing home patients are being cared for in the Jane Cook Hospital, which is the first unit of the nursing home facilities. Progress is being made in renovating the Girls' Dormitory to become the second unit for senior citizens' residence. Babies are being born and medical and surgical patients are being cared for in Jane Cook Hospital. The used clothing store continues its service to the community. Transition or no transition, there is work to be done and it is being done.

The Church has provided for the education of three generations of children in Frenchburg School and rejoices that the public school program is at last able to take over that task. This mission has been accomplished. The Church is taking up a new mission, the care of the aged, and it has faith that its members will provide whatever is needed for an effective ministry in this work, as they have provided in the past for the school program.

H. Glenn Stephens, Administrator

Literature Department

MRS. JAMES T. VORHIS, Secretary
209 Ninth St., Pittsburgh 22, Pa.
Phone AT. 1-3818

1932 Assembly: "Through their missionary meetings and studies, their excellent missionary magazines and literature they (the women) have kindled and fanned the flames of missionary zeal."

IMPORTANT INFORMATION

LITERATURE SECRETARIES LOCAL

Reading Course awards for 1958 will be distributed as usual—but reports must be sent in *on time* as our office will be closing early in the new year. Each society president will receive before the end of the year a very simple report blank which she is to return by Jan. 10. Be sure she has your correct address and the *number* (no names) of women who are eligible for awards—certificates for the first year and seals for those who have read more than one year. If you start now to check your readers you should have your totals in plenty of time. *Do not send to this office for awards for your society.* All orders *must* come through presbyterial channels. Your Presbyterial Literature Secretary will send you your awards or will give them to you at a meeting of your presbyterial. Fill in and sign the certificates and distribute all awards with appropriate ceremony at an early meeting of your organization.

PRESBYTERIAL

The annual report blanks filled in by local presidents will be returned to the Presbyterial Women's Secretary. She will cut off the sections carrying the literature report and send them to you. If there are members of Teen societies who have earned awards you will receive their reports from the Presbyterial Teen-Age Secretary. Please send the total number of awards needed for your presbyterial to this office by Jan. 25—sooner if possible. Local secretaries will fill in and sign the certificates this year.

1959 READING COURSE AWARDS

Sending out Reading Course awards has become a real chore—we would be unhappy if that were not true. Signing certificates by hand could give your WGMS Literature Secretary a severe case of writers' cramp, and imagine if you can the joys of counting some 4,500 little blue seals! If you multiply this task by ten you will have some idea of the problem facing the new national women's organization when the Reading Course was made a part of its program. The simplest solution seemed to lie in placing responsibility for securing awards on the local organization. Blue seals may be purchased from any stationery store—the size we have been using run 85 to a box. Certificates will be available at the three Presbyterian Distribution Service outlets. Watch the new women's magazine, *Concern*, for information.

STUDY GUIDES

There are four Guides planned each year for women's groups. A Program Guide (*New Occasions—New Duties*) provides 12 programs for associations and societies of all sizes. There are three Circle Studies: 1. Missions (*Conversations on the Middle East*); 2. Bible (*The Spirit Speaks to the Church*); 3. Social Education and Action (*Ever-Widening Circles*). A new one on mission study, *Conversations on Town and Country*, will be ready in April. (See page 795 of the September issue of HORIZONS for brief descriptions.)

All societies are urged to use the three circle studies during the year. Societies without circles plan a second meeting in the month for study.

Copies of the studies should be in the hands of each member, for home study before the meeting." (*Planning 1959*) If your society cannot arrange a second meeting you might use the Bible study as the basis for your worship service each month. You may want to use the mission study for a number of months, and then choose some of the programs in the Program Guide, or certain parts of the Social Education and Action study for the remainder of your meetings. You will have such a wealth of program material that you will have to choose wisely that which best fills your needs.

If you have an association with circles these smaller groups will want to plan to use all three circle studies. Each one may be used for three or four months. Some circles use one chapter of the Bible study at each meeting and also study some phase of one of the other two studies at each meeting. Find the plan that suits your group best.

FILE OF MATERIAL

The Literature Department has recommended from time to time that you build up a file of missionary information for your society. Because of the many new fields with which to become acquainted this plan is even more necessary. On page 23 of the Sept. 15 issue of *Presbyterian Life* you will find listed the 31 areas in which we are concerned. Get file folders at a stationery store, label them with these names, and begin collecting material. A strong carton of the right size makes a good holder for your file. Where shall you look for material?

1. *Presbyterian Life*
2. *Concern*—the new magazine for women
3. Secular magazines and newspapers
4. *Current Literature*, a column appearing frequently in *Presbyterian Life* which lists books and leaflets recommended by boards and agencies
5. *National Missions Packet Plan*
6. *Tools for Missionary Education*, issued annually, lists material available on the two interdenominational study themes.
7. *Planning*, an annual guide for women's groups, lists available material.
8. Many of the interdenominational study books will touch upon areas of our outreach and could well be added to the file.

THE THREE DEPARTMENTS

Work in the new women's organization centers around three departments — Fellowship, Program, and World Service. (See the October issue of MISSIONARY HORIZONS, pages 845-848.) As we begin to plan the work of these departments we shall find help in leaflets and pamphlets. Please remember that this material should be ordered from

Presbyterian Distribution Service:

156 Fifth Ave.
New York 10, N.Y.

416 South Franklin Ave.
Chicago 7, Ill.

234 McAllister St.
San Francisco 2, Calif.

Memorize the address of the one nearest you.

Fellowship Department

Women—new leaflet outlining women's work—free

Come, Let Us Sing (song book)—30¢ each; 15 or more, 25¢ each

Women and Evangelism—how women can share in the great evangelism program of the church—3¢

Fellowship Unlimited—10¢ (limited supply)

Program Department

See MISSIONARY HORIZONS for September 1958, pages 795-797, for a listing of current program materials.

Let's Discuss It—15¢

Planning and Leading Large Meetings—15¢
Come, Learn of Me (spiritual life)—10¢ (limited quantity)

World Service Department

Service Unlimited — suggestions for the guidance of this department —10¢
Mission Yearbook of Prayer — to guide our daily prayers — 50¢ (ready in late December)

National Missions

Know Your National Missions—free
Take a Giant Step—an explanation of the strategy of National Missions—15¢
The Story of Ed and Med—educational and medical work under the Board of National Missions—20¢
Report of the Board of National Missions—75¢

Commission on Ecumenical Mission and Relations

We Have One Future—50¢
New Day Dawning—a view of the Christian mission as seen from a world gathering of representatives from many Churches but largely of one denominational family (Presbyterian)—50¢
Presbyterians in Ecumenical Mission—free
Annual Report of the Commission—25¢

Christian Education

You Plus You—the work of Christian Education briefly told—free
Christian Education—free
Presbyterian Colleges Today—free

WHEN YOU ORDER

Most material for women's organizations will be ordered from:

Presbyterian Distribution Service
156 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N.Y.
416 South Franklin, Chicago 7, Ill.
234 McAllister St., San Francisco, Calif.

1. Order in plenty of time. This may be a very busy time with Presbyterian Distribution Service, or its staff may be having an epidemic of "flu."

2. Think ahead. Do you try to push in ahead of your turn when you shop in person? Asking for preferred treatment by writing "rush my order," "send by return mail," or "I must have this just one week from today" often amounts to the same thing.

3. Write or print your name plainly on the order sheet, not just on the envelope. Be sure you have included the zone number. Be sure it is easily readable.

4. Use a reasonably large piece of paper for your order. Small slips and notepaper may get lost in the file.

5. Itemize the things you are ordering on one side of a sheet of paper. Do not include them in the text of a letter. If you have questions or comments separate them from the order.

6. Ask for items by name. Each year's edition of *Planning* and *Tools for Missionary Education* carries lists of material. Watch also the pages of *Concern*.

7. Send a check or money order with your order when you know the price. This will save bookkeeping.

8. If you have not received your order within a reasonable time and must inquire about it, include in your letter
   a. the date of your order
   b. the items ordered
   c. how payment was made (check, money order) and the amount

9. When something must be returned do it promptly and wrap the package carefully. Send a note of explanation. Items not returned promptly may have lost their sale value if you wait too long.

A 64-page pictorial brochure giving an exciting and illuminating review of the ecumenical story of the work of the Commission on Ecumenical Mission and Relations of the United Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.

Temperance and Social Education

MRS. W. J. H. McKNIGHT, Secretary
29 Ackerman Ave., Oradell, N. J.

1945 Assembly: *"The Women's Missionary Magazine* . . . deserves the reputation which it has been building for many years, of being one of the very best missionary publications in the English language. This fact is widely recognized among American Churches of all denominations."

NEW TITLE: SOCIAL EDUCATION AND ACTION

Dear Friends:

Since this is the last issue of our beloved MISSIONARY HORIZONS, I am moved to write this page in the form of a letter to all of you who have made the cause of temperance one of your great concerns over the years.

To all who have ever been, or are at present, Secretaries of Temperance and Social Education in local church groups or presbyterials, I express sincere gratitude for your faithful support of the educational program we have tried to promote. For the privilege of presenting the work in so many churches and presbyterials over our former denomination I am grateful also.

And now that we are a new Church with wider areas of service, the challenge to maintain our concern for temperance and at the same time broaden our interest in other areas of social concern and activity comes to us with tremendous force.

To insure a continued and ever-increasing interest in this phase of our Christian responsibility I want to give you the following practical information and assistance.

Our former Department of Temperance and Social Education is now known as the "Department of Social Education and Action" (SEA), with headquarters at 830 Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia 7, Pa. This is the address with which you should become familiar since all communications should be sent to this office. Mr. Howard Maxwell, who had been serving as secretary of our former Department since it was made a part of the Board of Christian Education, has gone to Philadelphia to become a member of the staff, which consists of Dr. Clifford Earle, secretary, Miss Margaret Kuhn, H. B. Sissel, Gayraud Wilmore, Jr., Helen H. Harder (administrative assistant), and Helen Lineweaver (director of Washington office).

The present Counseling Committee on Social Education and Action consists of the entire Committee membership of both former Departments and will continue thus until the next General Assembly.

FUTURE POLICY

After consultation with Mr. Maxwell and others of the staff, we are prepared to say that the services previously rendered by our Department will be continued by the new Department. Literature will be provided for distribution at meetings and for display at presbyterial meetings *when requested.* In other words, the practice of sending materials on consignment together with some free literature to presbyterial meetings will continue if desired.

We suggest that you become familiar with the catalogue of program materials issued by PDS (Presbyterian Distribution Service) and follow the ordering and servicing directions contained therein. Your pastor has this catalogue and additional copies can be secured by addressing a request to the nearest PDS.

Another item of great interest and value is the monthly periodical entitled *Social Progress* which, despite a previous announcement to the contrary, will continue under the same name. Beginning Jan. 1, 1959, the new subscription price of $2 per year will become effective. Send subscriptions to 830 Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia 7, Pa.

This excellently prepared journal will keep you informed concerning the various social problems with which our Church is primarily concerned and active.

And now as we bring this letter to a close it is with the prayer that our interest and activity in this field of Christian work may be stimulated and strengthened in the days to come, and that we may always remember that social education is not only an essential phase of the total Christian educational process, but that it has a close and vital relationship to the central mission of the church, which is *Evangelism.*

Faithfully yours in His service,

Helen McKnight

MISSIONARY HORIZONS

TRIBUTES

Mrs. Frank E. Dean

We, the members of the Women's Missionary Society of the Jamestown, Ohio, United Presbyterian Church, wish to pay loving tribute to the memory of Mrs. Frank E. Dean who was called to her heavenly home July 4, 1958.

To her, heaven is rest, after much pain and weariness. Born of godly Scotch parents, she early in life gave herself to Jesus. She loved her Savior, her family, her friends, and was devoted to the church of the living God, to the Women's Missionary Society, and especially to the cause of missions. In all her husband's pastorates she was an untiring worker.

May the son and daughter bereft of their parents be comforted "by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."

Committee

Nettie Buck

The Women's Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian Church of Mt. Ayr, Iowa, wishes to pay loving tribute to the memory of Nettie Buck.

The fruits of the spirit abounded in her life. "Kindness was on her tongue." "Her children rise up and call her blessed." The Lord was her shepherd who led her in "paths of righteousness."

"A woman who fears the Lord is to be praised."

We extend our sympathy to her husband and family.

Mrs. Mary Barnes

The Women's Missionary Society of Bellaire, Ohio, United Presbyterian Church wishes to pay tribute to the memory of Mrs. Mary Barnes who passed away Sept. 30, 1958. Mrs. Barnes was a faithful member of our Missionary Society and a Life Member of the WGMS.

Committee

Mrs. Anna Hudson

The Women's Missionary Society of the Irwin, Pa., United Presbyterian Church wishes to pay loving tribute to the memory of Mrs. Anna Hudson, who passed away Sept. 15, 1958. She had an abiding faith in God, a love for His Word and the work of His Kingdom. We extend our sympathy to her daughter, Mrs. Esther Ridinger.

Mrs. Hudson was a member of our society for about fifty years and also the WCTU. We will miss her but rejoice that she is now with loved ones, and with her Lord.

Mrs. Esther Williams
Mrs. Marybelle Uhlig
Committee

Mrs. Austa Daum

The Women's Missionary Society of Glade Run United Presbyterian Church wishes to pay loving tribute to the memory of Mrs. Austa Daum who passed away Aug. 24, 1958. She was the wife of Dr. Edward A. Daum, former pastor of Glade Run United Presbyterian Church, Cooperstown, Pa.

She also served faithfully as a minister's wife in First Church, North Side, Pittsburgh; in St. Louis, Mo.; Oak Park, Ill.; Indianapolis, Ind.; and Sixth United Presbyterian, East Liberty, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Austa was a Life Member of the Missionary Society. She served as president of the Glade Run Missionary Society, and as Thank Offering Secretary for many years, and she taught in the Junior Missionary Society. She attended the first Missionary Conference in New Wilmington, Pa., 55 years ago and was present this summer at the reunion meeting. Her beautiful voice was lifted in praise to the Lord in the church choirs all her life.

Her kindness, friendliness, and devotion to her church, her family, and to the entire community were an inspiration to all who knew her.

To her husband, three daughters, and family, we extend our deepest sympathy.

The Committee

Mrs. Lida Simpson

The Women's Missionary Society of Glade Run United Presbyterian Church, Cooperstown, Pa., wishes to pay loving tribute to the memory of Mrs. Lida Simpson who passed away July 30, 1958, after a lingering illness. She was always in God's House when able on the Sabbath Day. She taught the Women's Bible Class for many years. She had been treasurer of the Missionary Society, and had served as an officer in Monongahela and Allegheny Presbyterials. She was a Life Member of the Missionary Society. She was a former member of Homewood, Wilmerding, Connellsville, and East McKeesport United Presbyterian Churches.

Her beautiful prayers and her knowledge of the Bible will long be remembered. We mourn her loss and treasure her memory for her unfailing faith and joy in the Master's service.

To her husband, daughter and sons, and family we extend our deepest sympathy.

The Committee

Mrs. Elmer Cramer

Mrs. Elmer Cramer, an active and faithful member of the Canonsburg, Pa., United Presbyterian Missionary Society, has been called from us by death. She was always interested in, and willing to assist in, the program of the Society.

Memorial Committee

Mrs. Lillian Baldeck

In memory of Mrs. Lillian Baldeck, called to her heavenly home Sept. 17, 1958, the Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian Church, Mumford, N.Y., pays a loving tribute. She was a devoted and faithful member of her childhood church and active in all its organizations.

"Sleep on, dear friend, and take thy rest.
The Heavenly Father knoweth best."

Mrs. John Kunkle

The Women's Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian Church of East McKeesport, Pa., wishes to pay tribute to the memory of Mrs. John Kunkle who was called home June 9, 1958.

She was a member of the Church for over forty years and a Life Member of the Missionary Society. She taught in the Sabbath School for many years and was a faithful attendant at all services as long as her health permitted.

We extend our sympathy to those near and dear to her and commend them to the care of Him whom she loved and served.

Committee

Miss Elizabeth McBane

The Louise Scott Missionary Society of the New Wilmington, Pa., United Presbyterian Church wishes to pay loving tribute to the memory of Miss Elizabeth McBane who was called to her heavenly home Aug. 14, 1958.

As long as her health permitted, she was a faithful and active member of the Society, serving in many capacities, not only in the Missionary Society but in other departments of the Church as well.

We rejoice in her release from pain and suffering and that she is now at Home with her loved ones and her Lord.

Committee

Mrs. Oney Lukens

A tribute of love from the Missionary Society of the First United Presbyterian Church, Santa Ana, Calif., in memory of Mrs. Oney Lukens, who was called to her heavenly home on Aug. 13, 1958.

She gave of her time, talent, and money in service for her Master.

The Committee

Mrs. Amelia Snyder

The Women's Missionary Society of the East McKeesport United Presbyterian Church wishes to pay tribute to Mrs. Amelia Snyder who was called home May 30, 1958. After coming to live with her daughter, Dr. Ruth Masters, of East McKeesport, Pa., she was a faithful attendant at all church services whenever her health permitted. Although she had been with us a comparatively short time, she is sadly missed by all.

We extend our sympathy to her family and friends.

Committee

Miss Martha Carpenter

The Women's Missionary Society of Bethel United Presbyterian Church of Monroeville, Pa., wishes to pay loving tribute to the memory of Miss Martha Carpenter who was called to her heavenly home on June 18, 1958.

Though she was a quiet person, her loss has been greatly felt, for her life was marked with humility, loyalty, sincerity, and concern for others. Martha was a member of the society since its beginning. She was a faithful attendant at church and Sabbath School when possible.

We extend our sincerest sympathy to her loved ones.

Committee

Mrs. Mae Neal

We will remember with gratitude the willing service given our Scotch Ridge, Ohio, Missionary Society by our president, Mrs. Mae Neal, who entered the joy of her Lord when called to her heavenly home Sept. 11, 1958.

We extend our sincere sympathy to her husband Emory and all members of her family, commending them to the One "that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think."

As another—who loved the Lord Jesus Christ, was faithful in, and had genuine concern for, Kingdom work—has joined "so great a cloud of witnesses," we would pray for rededication of all our lives and service "unto him who loved us and gave himself for us."

Committee

Mrs. Granville Menges

The Women's Missionary Society of the Guinston United Presbyterian Church, Airville, Pa., pays loving tribute to the memory of Mrs. Granville Menges. The Lord called her unto Himself Oct. 17, 1958.

Mrs. Menges had an unusual interest in Christian missions and served faithfully as treasurer of the local society for several years. She attended the stated meetings regularly and would go to Presbyterials when feasible. It was her delight to have young people attend the New Wilmington Missionary Conference each summer.

The Lord's Day found the Menges family in the house of worship and serving in various offices that the Lord opened for them. Her grandchildren are also being brought up in the "fear and admonition of the Lord."

"A woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised." Proverbs 31:30b

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." Psalm 116:15

Miss Nellie C. Smith, retired missionary to Egypt, died in Frenchburg United Presbyterian Center, Frenchburg, Ky., on Dec. 5, 1958.

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CITATION GIVEN DAVIDA FINNEY

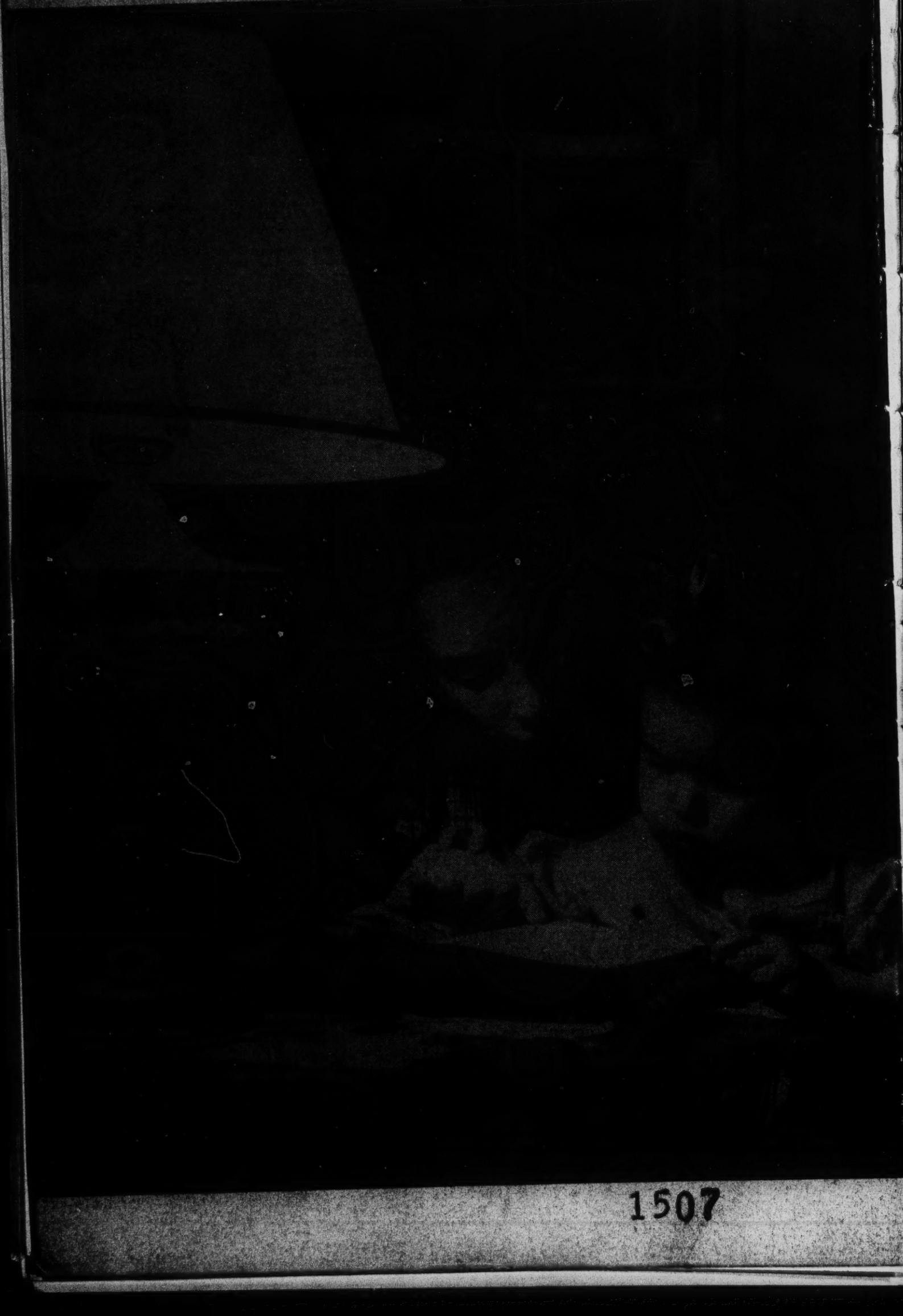
PITTSBURGH, PA., Dec. 10—An award for distinguished service was presented tonight to a woman whose work in teaching Egyptian village people to read and write goes back 55 years.

Dr. Davida Finney, a native of Pittsburgh, was given the first such award the Committee on World Literacy and Christian Literature has ever offered, at a dinner in her honor marking her retirement. The announcement was also made that the committee, known as "Lit-Lit," has set up a scholarship in her honor to provide training for Egyptian adult students to develop their own literacy programs.

For many years head of Literacy House in Minia, 150 miles south of Cairo, Dr. Finney pioneered a program of education and social welfare which has transformed many poor villages into economically stable communities.

"Every plan Davida Finney has made has strengthened the confidence and skill of others," Dr. Floyd Shacklock told dinner guests at the First English Evangelical Lutheran Church tonight when he presented the award to Dr. Finney. "She leaves a group of young nationals well prepared to carry on the work she established." Dr. Shacklock is executive director of the "Lit-Lit" committee.

In a brief statement, Dr. Finney described how Egyptians in one village have been encouraged to organize health clinics and initiate public health programs through pamphlets prepared for their information which they can read and teach others to read.

Pure-blooded cows and chickens sent to their village by the churches, Dr. Finney told the group, have improved the quality and supply of eggs and milk, and tested seeds have been supplied for vegetable gardens.

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